collated & perfect. J.K. 1798.

THE SPANISH GIPSIE.

As it was Acted (with great Applause) at the Private House in

DRVRY LANE,

AND

SALISBVRY COVRT.

Written by { *THOMAS MIDLETON,* AND *WILLIAM ROWLEY* } Gent.

The Second Impression.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. C.* and *L. P.* for *Francis Kirkman*, at the Sign of the *Fo. Fletchers* Head, on the Back-side of St. *Clements*, 1661.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Fernando, *Corigidor* of Madrill.
Pedro de Cortes. } Two old Dons.
Franciſco de Carcomo. }
Roderigo, Son to *Fernando*.
Lewys, Son to *De Caſtro*, ſlain by *Alvarez*.
Diego, Friend to *Don Lewys*.
Don John, Son to *Franciſco de Carcomo*, and a Lover of *Conſtanza*.
Sancho, A Fooliſh Gentleman, and Ward to *Don Pedro*.
Soto, A merry Fellow his Man.
Alvarez, An old Lord diſguiſed like the Father of the Gipſies.
Claro. } Two Gentlemen, diſguiſed like Gipſies.
Antonio. }

Women. {
Maria, Wife to *Don Pedro*.
Clara, Their Daughter.
Guyamara, Wife to Count *Alvarez*, and Siſter to *Fernando*, diſguiſed like the Mother of the Gipſies, and called by the Name of *Eugenia*.
Conſtanza, Daughter to *Fernando*, diſguiſed like a young Spaniſh Gipſie, and called by the Name of *Pretioſa*.
Chriſtiana, A Gentlewoman, diſguis'd like a Gipſie.
Cardochia, A young Hoſtes to the Gipſies.
Servants.
}

The Scene, *Allegant*.

THE SPANISH GIPSIE.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Roderigo, Lewys, and Diego.

Lew. Roderigo.

Die. Art mad?

Ro. Yes, not so much with Wine; it's as rare to see a *Spaniard* a Drunkard, as a *German* sober, an *Italian* no Whoremonger, an *English* man to pay his debts. I am no Borachia, Sack, Maligo, nor Canary breeds the Calenture in my brains, mine eye made me, not my cups.

Lew. What would'st have us do?

Ro. Do?

Die. So far as 'tis fit for a Gentleman wee'll venture.

Ro. I ask no more, I ha seen a thing has bewitched me, a delicate body, but this in the waist, foot and leg tempting, the face I had a glimpse of: but the Fruit must needs be delicious, the Tree being so beautifull.

Lew. Prethee to the point.

Ro. Here 'tis, an old Gentleman, (no matter who he is) an old Gentlewoman (I ha nothing to do with her) but a young creature that followes them, Daughter or Servant, or whatsoever she be, her I must have, they are coming this way, shall I have her? I must have her.

Die. How, how?

Lew. Thou ſpeak'ſt impoſſibilities.

Ro. Eaſie, eaſie, eaſie, i'le ſeize the young girle: ſtop you the old man, ſtay you the old woman.

Lew. How then?

Ro. I'le fly off with the young Bird, that's all, many of our Spaniſh Gallants act theſe merry parts every night, they are weak and old, we young and ſprightly, will you aſſiſt me?

Lew. Troath *Roderigo* any thing in the way of honour.

Ro. For a Wench Man any courſe is honourable.

Lew. Nay not any, her Father, if he be her Father may be Noble.

Ro. I am as Noble.

Lew. Would the adventure were ſo.

Ro. Stand cloſe, they come.

Enter Pedro, Maria, and Clara.

Ped. 'Tis late, would we were in *Madrill.*

Ma. Go faſter my Lord.

Ped. Clara, keep cloſe. *They ſeize them.*

Cla. Help, help, help!

Ro. Are you crying out? I'le be your Midwife. *Exit with Clara.*

Ped. What mean you Gentlemen?

Ma. Villains, Thieves, Murderers.

Ped. Do you know me? I am *De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes!*

Lew. De Cortes, Diego come away. *Exit.*

Ped. Clara, where is my Daughter?

Ma. Clara! theſe Villains
Have rob'd us of our Comfort, and will, I fear,
Her of her honour.

Ped. This had not wont
To be our Spaniſh Faſhion, but now our Gallants,
Our Gentry, our young Dons heated with Wine,
(A fire our Country-men do ſeldom fit at)
Commit theſe outrages, *Clara!* —— *Maria*,
Let's homeward, I will raiſe *Madrill* to find
Theſe traytors to all goodneſſe, *Clara.*

Ma. Clara. *Exit.*

Enter Lewys and Diego.

Lew. Oh *Diego* I am loſt, I am mad!

Die. So we are all.

Lew.

Lew. 'Tis not with wine, i'me drunk with too much horror,
Inflam'd with rage, to ſee us two made Bawds
To *Roderigo*'s luſt, did not the old man
Name *De Cortes*, *Pedro de Cortes* ?

Die. Sure he did.

Lew. Oh *Diego*, as thou lov'ſt me, nay on the forfeit
Of thine own life or mine, ſeal up thy lips,
Let 'em not name *De Cortes*, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay,
Roderigo has into his Fathers houſe
A paſſage through a Garden.

Die. Yes, my Lord.

Lew. Thither, I muſt find *Roderigo* out,
And check him, check him home, if he but dare
No more; *Diego* along my ſoul does fight
A thouſand battails blacker then this night. *Exit.*

Enter Roderigo and Claria.

Cla. Tho the black veyle of night hath over-clouded
The World in darkneſſe, yet e're many hours
The Sun will riſe again, and then this act
Of my diſhonour will appear before you;
More black then is the Canopy that ſhrowds it,
What are you, pray what are you?

Ro. Huſht, a friend! a friend.

Cla. A friend, be then a gentle Raviſher,
An honourable Villain, as you have
Diſroab'd my youth of natures goodlieſt portion,
My Virgin purity, ſo with your Sword
Let out that blood which is infected now,
By your ſoul-ſtayning luſt.

Ro. Piſh.

Cla. Are you Noble?
I know you then will marry me, ſay.

Ro. Umh.

Cla. Not ſpeak to me! are wanton Devils dumb?
How are ſo many harmleſſe Virgins wrought
By falſhood of prevailing words to yield
To eaſie forfeits of their ſhames and liberty,
If every Orator offolly plead
In ſilence, like this untongu'd piece of violence?

You ſhall not from me
Ro. Phew no more.
Cla. You ſhall not,
Who e're you are, Diſeaſe of natures ſloth:
Birth of ſome monſtrous ſin, or ſcourge of virtue,
Heavens wrath and mankinds burthen, I will hold you,
I will, be rough and therein mercifull,
I will not looſe my hold elſe.
Ro. There, 'tis gold.
Cla. Gold, why! alas for what? the hire of pleaſure
Perhaps is payment, mine is miſery;
I need no wages for a ruin'd name,
More then a bleeding heart
Ro. Nay then y'are troubleſome,
I'le lock you ſafe enough. *Exit.*
Cla. They cannot fear
Whom griefhath arm'd with hate and ſcorn of life.
Revenge I kneele to thee, alas 'gainſt whom?
By what name ſhall I pull Confuſion down
From Juſtice on his head that hath betray'd me?
I know not where I am, up I beſeech thee
Thou Lady regent of the air, the Moon,
And lead me by thy light to ſome brave vengeance,
It is a Chamber ſure, the guilty Bed,
Sad evidence againſt my loſſe of honour
Aſſures ſo much, what's here, a window curtain?
Oh Heaven! the ſtars appear too, ha! a Chamber,
A goodly one, dwells Rape in ſuch a Paradice!
Help me my quickned ſenſes, 'tis a Garden
To which this window guides the covetous proſpect,
A large one and a fair one, in the midſt
A curious Alablaſter Fountain ſtands,
Fram'd like —— like what? no matter, ſwift remembrance,
Rich furniture within too! and what's this?
A precious Crucifix? I have enough,
Aſſiſt me oh you powers that guard the innocent.

Enter Roderigo.

Ro. Now!
Cla. Welcome, if you come arm'd in deſtruction,

I am prepar'd to die.
Ro. Tell me your Name,
And what you are.
Cla. You urge me to a ſinne
As cruel as your luſt, I dare not grant it,
Think on the violence of my defame,
And if you mean to write upon my Grave
An Epitaph of peace, forbear to queſtion,
Or whence, or who I am; I know the heat
Of your deſires are after the performance
Of ſuch a helliſh act, by this time drown'd
In cooler ſtreams of penance; and for my part
I have waſh'd off the Leaproſie that cleaves
To my juſt ſhame, in true and honeſt tears;
I muſt not leave a mention of my wrongs,
The ſtain of my unſpotted birth to memory,
Let it lie buried with me in the duſt,
That never time hereafter may report
How ſuch a one as you have made mee live;
Be reſolute, and do not ſtagger, doe not,
For I am nothing.
Ro. Sweet let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance.
Cla. Ha, enjoy me!
Inſufferable villain!
Ro. Peace: ſpeak low,
I mean no ſecond force, and ſince I find
Such goodneſs in an unknown frame of virtue,
Forgive my foul attempt, which I ſhall grieve for
So hartily, that could you be your ſelf
Eye-witneſs to my conſtant vow'd repentance,
Truſt me you'd pitty me.
Cla. Sir, you can ſpeak now.
Ro. So much I am the Executioner
Of mine own treſpaſſe, that I have no heart,
Nor reaſon to diſcloſe my name or quality;
You muſt excuſe me that, but truſt me (fair one)
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedneſſe,
I would be proud to court your love like him, (on,
Whom my firſt birth preſented to the World: this for your ſatisfacti-

What remains, that you can challenge as a ſervice from me?
I both expect and beg it.
Cla. Firſt, that you ſwear neither
In riot of your Mirth, in Paſſion
Of Friendſhip, or in folly of Diſcourſe,
To ſpeak of wrongs done to a raviſh'd Maid.
Ro. As I love truth I ſwear.
Cla. Next that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my laſt fortunes e're the morning riſe.
Ro. Say more.
Cla. Lay a new man, if e're you marry
(Oh me! my heart's a breaking) but if e're
You marry in a conſtant love to her
That ſhall be then your Wife, redeem the fault
Of my undoing, I am loſt for ever,
Pray uſe no more words.
Ro. You muſt give me leave
To vey'e you cloſe.
Cla. Do what you will, no time
Can ranſome me from ſorrows or diſhonors,
Shall we now go?
Ro. My ſhame may live without me,
But in my ſoul I bear my guilt about me,
Lend me your hand, now follow. *Exit.*

Enter Lewys, Diego, and a Servant.

Lew. Not yet come in, not yet?
Ser. No i'le aſſure your Lordſhip, I have ſeldom known
Him keep out ſo long, my Lord uſually obſerves
More ſeaſonable hours.
Lew. What time of night is't?
Ser. On the ſtroak of three.
Lew. The ſtroak of three! 'tis wonderous ſtrange!
Doſt hear?
Ser. My Lord.
Lew. E're ſix I will be here again,
Tell thy Lord ſo: e're ſix, —— a muſt not ſleep,
Or if a do, I ſhall be bold to wake him:
Be ſure thou tell'ſt him, —— do.

Ser.

Ser. My Lord I ſhall. *Exit.*

Lew. Diego,
Walk thou the ſtreet that leads about the Perado,
I'le round the Weſt part of the City, meet me
At the Inquiſition Chappel; if we miſſe him
Wee'l both back to his Lodgings.

Die. At the Chappel?

Lew. I there wee'l meet.

Die. Agreed, I this way. *Exit Lewys.*

Enter Don John Reading.

Jo. She is not noble, true, wiſe nature meant
Affection ſhould enable her diſcent,
For love and beauty keeps as rich a ſeat
Of ſweetneſſe in the mean born, as the great ——
I am reſolv'd. *Exit.*

Die. 'Tis *Roderigo* certainly,
Yet his voyce makes me doubt, but I'le o're-hear him. *Exit.*

Enter Lewys:

Lew. That if only I ſhould be the Man
Made acceſſary, and a party both
To mine own torment, at a time ſo near
The birth of all thoſe comforts I have travell'd with,
So many, many houres of hopes and fears;
Now at the inſtant —— Ha, ſtand! thy name,
Truly and ſpeedily.

Enter Roderigo.

Ro. Don Lewys!

Lew. The ſame; but who art thou, —— ſpeak?

Ro. Roderigo.

Lew. Tell me,
As y'are a noble Gentleman, as ever
You hope to be enroul'd amongſt the vertuous,
As you love goodneſſe, as you wiſh to inherit
The bleſſedneſſe and fellowſhip of Angels,
As you are my Friend, as you are *Roderigo*,
As you are any thing that would deſerve
A worthy name, where have you been to night?
Oh! how have you diſpos'd of that fair Creature

Whom

Whom you led captive from me, ſpeak, oh ſpeak,
Where, how when, in what uſge have you left her?
Truth I require all truth.
Ro. Tho I might queſtion
The ſtrangeneſſe of your importunity;
Yet cauſe I note diſtraction in the height
Of curioſity, I will be plain, and brief.
Lew. I thank you ſir.
Ro. Inſtead of feeding
Too wantonly upon ſo rich a Banquet,
I found even in that beauty that invited me
Such a commanding majeſty of chaſte
And humbly glorious vertue, that it did not
More check my raſh attempt, then draw to ebb
The float of thoſe deſires, which in an inſtant
Were cool'd in their own ſtreames of ſhame and folly.
Lew. Now all increaſe of honours
Fall in full ſhowers on thee *Roderigo*,
The beſt man living.
Ro. You are much tranſported
With this diſcourſe methinks.
Lew. Yes, I am.
She told ye her Name too.
Ro. I could not urge it
By any importunity.
Lew. Better ſtill;
Where did you leave her?
Ro. Where I found her, farther
She would by no means grant me to wait on her,
Oh *Lewys* I am loſt.
Lew. This ſelf-ſame Lady
Was ſhe to whom I have been long a Suiter,
And ſhortly hope to marry.
Ro. She your Miſtris then? *Lewys*, ſince friendſhip,
And noble honeſty conjures our loves
To a continued league, here I unclaſpe
The ſecreets of my heart. Oh I have had
A glimpſe of ſuch a Creature, that deſerves
A Temple, if thou lov'ſt her, (and I blame thee not)
For who can look on her, and not give up

His life unto her ſervice? if thou lov'ſt her,
For pitties ſake conceal her; let me not
As much as know her Name, there's a temption in't,
Let me not know her Dwelling, Birth or Quality,
Or any thing that ſhe calls hers, but thee
In thee my friend, I'le ſee her, and to avoid
The ſurfeits and thoſe rarities that tempt me,
So much I prize the happineſſe of friendſhip,
That I will leave the City.

Lew. Leave it.

Ro. Speed me!
For *Salamanca*, court my ſtudies now
For Phiſick 'gainſt infection of the mind.

Lew. You do amaze me!

Ro. Here to live, and live
Without her, is impoſſible and wretched.
For Heavens ſake never tell her what I was,
Or that you know me, and when I find that abſence
Hath loſt her to my memory, i'le dare
To ſee ye again, mean time the cauſe that draws me
From hence, ſhall be to all the world untold;
No friend but thou alone, for whoſe ſake only
I undertake this voluntary exile,
Shall be partaker of my griefs; thy hand,
Farewell: and all the pleaſures, joys, contents,
That bleſſe a conſtant Lover, henceforth crown thee
A happy Bridegroom.

Lew. You have conquer'd friendſhip
Beyond example.

Enter Diego.

Die. Ha, ha, ha! ſome one
That hath ſlept well to night, ſhould a but ſee me
Thus merry by my ſelf, might juſtly think
I were not well in my wits.

Lew. Diego!

Die. Yes 'tis I, and I have had a fine fegary,
The rareſt Wild gooſe chaſe.

Lew. 'Thad made thee malancholy.

Die. Don Roderigo here? 'tis well you met him,
For tho I miſt him, yet I met an accident

Has almoſt made me burſt with laughter.
Lew. How ſo?
Die. I'le tell you, as we parted, I perceiv'd
A walking thing before me, ſtrangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures, him I dogg'd,
Suppoſing 'thad been *Roderigo* landed
From his new Pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the ſweet voyage he ſtole to night.
Ro. Y'are pleaſant.
Lew. Prithee who was't?
Ro. Not I.
Die. Y'are i'the right, not you indeed;
For 'twas that noble Gentleman *Don John*,
Son to the Counte *Franciſco de Carcomo*.
Lew. In love it ſeems.
Die. Yes, pepperd on my life,
Much good may't do him, ide not be ſo lin'd
For my Cap full of double Piſtolets.
Lew. What ſhould his Miſtris be?
Die. That's yet a Riddle
Beyond my reſolution, but of late
I have obſerv'd him oft to frequent
The ſports the *Gipſies* newly come to th' City preſent.
Lew. 'Tis ſaid there is a Creature with 'em,
Tho young of years, yet of ſuch abſolute beauty,
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That *Spain* reports her not without admiration.
Die. Have you ſeen her?
Lew. Never.
Die. Nor you my Lord?
Ro. I not remember.
Die. Why then you never ſaw the prettieſt toy
That ever Sung or Danc'd.
Lew. Is ſhe a *Gipſie?*
Die. In her condition, not in her complexion.
I tell you once more, 'tis a ſpark of beauty
Able to ſet a World at gaze, the ſweeteſt,
The wittieſt rogue, ſhalls ſee 'em? they have fine gambolls,
Are mightily frequented, Court and City
Flock to 'em, but the Country does 'em worſhip.

This little Ape gets money by the ſack full,
It troules upon her.
Lew. Will yee with us friend ?
Ro. You know my other projects, fights to me
Are bnt vexations.
Lew. Oh you muſt be merry,
Diego, wee'll toth' Gipſies.
Die. Beſt take heed
You be not ſnap'd.
Lew. How ſnap'd ?
Die. By that little Faire,
'Thas a ſhrew'd tempting Face, and a notable Tougue.
Lew. I fear not either.
Die. Goe then.
Lew. Will you with us ?
Ro. I'le come after.
Pleaſure and youth like ſmiling eyills wooe us,
To taſte new follies; taſted, they undoe us. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Alvarez, Carlo, and Antonio.

Al. Come my brave boyes, the Taylors ſheers has cut us into ſhapes fitting our Trades.

Car. A trade free as a Maſons.

Ant. A trade brave as a Courtiers, for ſome of them doe but ſhark, and ſo do we.

Al. Gipſies, but no tann'd ones, no Red-oker raſcalls umberd with ſoot and bacon as the Engliſh Gipſies are, that ſally out upon Pullen, lie in ambuſcado for a rope of Onions, as if they were Welſh Free-booters; no, our ſtile has higher ſteps to climbe over, Spaniſh Gipſies, noble Gipſies.

Car. I never knew nobility in baſeneſſe.

Alo. Baſeneſs! the arts of *Cocoquiſmo*, and *Germania* us'd by our Spaniſh Pickeroes (I mean Filching, Foyſting, Niming, Jilting) we defie; none in our Colledge ſhall ſtudy 'em, ſuch Graduates we degrade.

An. I am glad Spain has an honeſt company.

Al. Wee'l entertain no Mounty-bancking Stroule,
No Piper, Fidler, Tumble through ſmall hoopes;
No Ape carrier, Baboon bearer,
We muſt have nothing ſtale, trivial or baſe:
Am I your *Major domo*, your *Teniente*,
Your Captain, your Commander?

An. Who but you?

Al. So then, now being enter'd *Madrill* the inchanted Circle of *Spain*, have a care to your new Leſſons.

Both. We liſten.

Al. Plow deep furrowes, to catch deep root in th' opinion of the beſt *Grandos*, Dukes, Marqueſſes, Condes, and other Titulados, ſhew your ſports to none but them, what can you do with 3. or 4. Fooles in a diſh, and a Block-head cut into ſippets?

An. Scurvy meat.

Al. The *Lacedemonians* threw their Beards over their ſhoulders, to obſerve what men did behind them as well as before, you muſt do.

Both. We ſhall never doo't, our muzzles are too ſhort.

Al. Be not *Engliſh* Gipſies, in whoſe company a man's not ſure of the eares of his head they ſo pilfer; no ſuch angling, what you pull to Land catch fair: there is no Iron ſo foul but may be gilded, and our Gipſie-profeſſion how baſe ſoever in ſhew, may acquire commendations.

Car. Gipſies, and yet pick no pockets?

Al. Infamous and Roguy, ſo handle your Webbs, that they never come to be Woven in the Loom of Juſtice; take any thing that's given you, Purſes, Knives, Handkerchers, Roſaries, Tweezes, any toy, any money, refuſe not a Maruade, a Blanck, Feather by Feather birds build Neſts, Grain peck'd up after Grain, makes Pullen fat.

An. The beſt is we *Spaniards* are no great feeders.

Al. If one City cannot maintain us, away to another, our Horſes muſt have wings; does *Madrill* yield no money? *Sivell* ſhall; is *Sivell* cloſe ſifted? *Vallidoly* is open; ſo *Cordica*, ſo *Toledo*: do not our *Spaniſh* Wines pleaſe us? *Italian* can then, *French* can, preferments bow is hard to draw, ſet all your ſtrengths to it, what you get, keep, all the World is a ſecond *Rochill*, make all ſure, for you muſt not look to have your Dinner ſerv'd in with Trumpets.

Car. No, no, Sackbuts ſhall ſerve us.

Al. When you have money, hide it; ſell all our Horſes but one.

An. Why one?

Al.

Al. 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trinkets, and the leſs our ambler eats, our chear is the better; none be ſluttiſh, none theeviſh, none lazy, all Bees, no Drones, and our Hieves ſhall yield us Honey.

Enter Eugenia, Pretioſa, Chriſtiana, Cardochia.

Pre. See Father, how I am fitted, how do you like
This our new ſtock of cloaths?

Al. My ſweet Girle excellent, ſee their old robes be ſafe.

Car. That ſir, i'le look to,
Whilſt in my houſe you lie, what thief ſoever
Layes hands upon your goods, call but to me
I'le make the ſatisfaction.

Al. Thanks good Hoſteſſe.

Car. People already throng into the Inne,
And call for you into their private rooms.

Al. No Chamber Comedies, Hoſteſſe ply you your tide; ſlow let 'em to a full Sea, but wee'l ſhew no paſtime till after dinner, and that in a full ring of good people, the beſt, the nobleſt, no cloſſet ſweetmeats, pray tell 'em ſo.

Car. I ſhall. *Exit.*

Al. How old is *Pretioſa*?

Eu. Twelve and upwards.

Pre. I am in my teens aſſure you Mother, as little as I am, I have been taken for an Elephant, Caſtles and Lordſhips offer'd to be ſet upon me, if I would bear 'em; Why your ſmalleſt Clocks are the pretieſt things to carry about Gentlemen.

Eu. Nay Child thou wilt be tempted.

Pre. Tempted! tho *I* am no mark in reſpect of a huge But, yet *I* can tell you great bubbers have ſhot at me, and ſhot golden Arrowes, but *I* my ſelf give ayme, thus; wide, four Bowes; ſhort, three and a halfe; they that crack me ſhall find me as hard as a Nut of *Galiſia*, a Parrot *I* am, but my teeth too tender to crack a wantons Almond.

Al. Thou art my noble Girle, a many Dons
Will not believe but that thou art a Boy
In Womans cloaths, and to try that concluſion
To ſee if thou beeſt *Alcumy*, or no,
The'l throw down Gold in Muffes, but *Pretioſa*
Let theſe proud Sakers and Jer-falcons fly,
Do not thou move a wing, be to thy ſelf,
And not a changeling.

Pre. How! not a changeling!

Yes Father, I will play the changeling,
I'le change my ſelf into a thouſand ſhapes
To court our brave Spectators; Ile change my poſtures
Into a thouſand different variations,
To draw even Ladies eyes to follow mine;
I'le change my voyce into a thouſand tones,
To chain attention, not a changeling Father,
None but my ſelf ſhall play the changeling.

Al. Do what thou wilt *Pretioſa.*
What noiſe is this?

A beating within. Enter Cardochia.

Car. Here's Gentlemen ſwear all the oaths in Spain they have ſeen you, muſt ſee you, and will ſee you.

Al. To drown this noyſe let 'em enter.

Enter Sancho and Soto.

San. Is your Play-houſe an Inne? a Gentleman cannot ſee you without crumpling his Taffaty cloak.

Soto. Nay more then a Gentleman, his man being a deminutive Don too.

San. Is this the little ape does the fine tricks?

Pre. Come aloft Jack little ape!

San. Would my Jack might come aloft, pleaſe you to ſet the water Mill, with the Ivory cogs in't a grinding my handfull of purging comfetts.

Soto. My Maſter deſires to have you looſe from your company.

Pre. Am I a Pigeon think you to be caught with Cummin-ſeeds? a flie to glew my wings to ſweet meats, and ſo be tane?

San. When do your gambolls begin?

Al. Not till we ha din'd.

San. Foot then your bellies will be ſo full you'l be able to do nothing, *Soto*, prithee ſet a good face on't for I cannot, and give the little Monkey that Letter.

Soto. Walk off and hum to your ſelf: I dedicate (ſweet deſtiny, in whoſe hand every Spaniard deſires to put a Diſtaff) theſe lines of Love.

En. What Love, what's the matter?

Soto. Grave Mother *Bumby* the marks out a your mouth.

Al. What's the Paper, from whom comes it?

Soto. The commodity wrap'd up in the Paper, are Verſes, the warming Pan that puts heat into 'em, you fire-brain'd baſtard of *Helicon.*

Al.

Al. What's your Maſters Name?

Soto. His Name is *Don Tomazo Portacareco*, Nunckle to young *Don Hortado de Mendonza*, Coſen German to the *Conde de Tindilla*, and natural Brother to *Franciſco de Bavadilla*, one of the Commendadors of *Aleantaro*, a Gentleman of long ſtanding.

Pre. Verſes! I love good ones, let me ſee 'em.

San. Good ones! if they were not good ones, they ſhould not come from me, at the name of Verſes I can ſtand on no ground.

Pre. Here's gold too, whoſe is this?

San. Whoſe but yours? if there been any fault in the Verſes, I can mend it *ex tempore*; for a ſtich in a mans ſtocken not taken up in time, ravells out all the reſt.

Soto. Botcherly Poetry, botcherly.

Pre. Verſes and gold! theſe then are golden Verſes:

San. Had every Verſe a Pearl in the eye it ſhould be thine.

Pre. A Pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that, do you wiſh me blind?

San. I by this light do I, that you may look upon no bodies crime but mine.

Pre. I ſhould be blind indeed!

Al. Pray Sir read your Verſes.

San. Shall I ſing 'em or ſay 'em?

Al. Which you can beſt.

Soto. Both ſcurvily.

San. I'le ſet out a throat then.

Oh that I were a Bee to ſing
Hum, buz, buz, hum, I firſt would bring
Home Honey to your Hive, and there leave my ſting.

Soto. He manders.

San. *Oh that I were a Gooſe to feed*
At your Barn-door, ſuch corn I need,
Nor would I bite, but Gozlings breed.

Soto. And Ganders.

San. *Oh that I were your Needle's eye*
How through your Linnen would I fly,
And never leave one ſtich awry!

Soto. Hee'l touze ye.

San. *Oh would I were one of your haires,*
That you might comb out all my cares,
And kill the Nits of my deſpaires.

Soto. Oh Lowzie.

San.

San. How! Lowzie! can Rimes be Lowzie?

Omnes. No, no, th'are excellent.

Al. But are theſe all your own?

San. Mine own! wud I might never ſee Ink drop out of the noſe of any Gooſe-quil more, if velvet Cloaks have not clap'd me for 'em, do you like 'em?

Pre. Paſt all compare, they ſhall be writ out
When y'have as good or better.
For theſe and thoſe pray book me down your debtor.
Your Paper is long liv'd, having two ſouls,
Verſes and Gold.

San. Would both thoſe were in thee pritty little body, ſweet Gipſie.

Pre. A Piſtolet and this Paper, 'twould choak me.

Soto. No more then a bribe does a Conſtable; the Verſes will eaſily into your head, then buy what you like with the Gold, and put it into your belly, I hope I ha chaw'd a good reaſon for you.

San. Will you chaw my Jennet ready ſir?

Soto. And eat him down if you ſay the word. *Exit.*

San. Now the Coxcomb my man is gone, becauſe y'are but a Country company of Strowles, I think your ſtock is thred-bare, here mend it with this Cloak.

Al. What do you mean ſir?

San. This Scarf, this Feather, and this Hat.

Omnes. Dear Signior.

San. If they be never ſo dear, pox 'o this Hot Ruffe, little Gipſie, wear thou that.

Al. Your meaning ſir?

San. My meaning is not to be an Aſſe, to carry a burthen when I need not, if you ſhew your Gambols fourty Leagues hence, i'le gallop to 'em; Farewell old Gray-beard, adue Mother mumble-cruſt, morrow my little wart of Beauty. *Exit.*

Enter Don John Muffled.

Al. So Harveſt will come in, ſuch Sunſhine dayes
Will bring in golden ſheafes, our Markets raiſe,
Away to your task. *Exit. Don John pulls Pretioſa back.*

Pre. Mother, Grand-mother!

Jo. Two rowes of Kindred in one mouth!

Eu. Be not uncivil ſir, thus have you us'd her thrice.

Jo. Thrice! three thouſand more: may I not uſe mine own?

Pre

Pre. Your own! by what tenure?

Jo. Cupid entails this Land upon me, I have wooed thee, thou art coy, by this air I am a Bull of *Tariſa*, wild, mad for thee: you told I was ſome copper coyn, I am a Knight of *Spain*, *Don Franciſco de Carcomo* my Father, I *Don John* his Son, this paper tells you more, grumble not old Granam, (here's Gold) for I muſt by this white hand, marry this cherry-lip'd, ſweet mouth'd villain.

Pre. There's a thing call'd *Quando*.

Jo. Inſtantly.

Eu. Art thou ſo willing?

Jo. Peace threeſcore and five.

Pre. Marry me! eat a Chicken e're it be out o'th ſhell! I'le wear no ſhackles, liberty is ſweet, that I have, that i'le hold, marry me! can Gold and Lead mix together? a Diamond and a button of Chriſtal fit one ring? you are too high for me, I am too low; you too great, I too little.

Eu. I pray leave her ſir, and take your Gold again.

Pre. Or if you dote, as you ſay, let me try you do this.

Jo. Any thing, kill the great Turk, pluck out the Magul's Eye-teeth, in earneſt *Pretioſa* any thing!

Pre. Your taſt is ſoon ſet down, turn Gipſie for two years, be one of us, if in that time you miſlike not me, nor I you, here's my hand, farewell.

Eu. There's enough for your Gold, witty Child. *Exit.*

Jo. Turn Gipſie! for two years! a capering Trade,
And I in th'end may keep a Dancing Schoole,
Having ſerv'd for't, Gipſie! I muſt turn,
Oh beauty! the Suns fires cannot ſo burn. *Exit.*

Enter Clara.

Cla. I have offended, yet oh Heaven! thou know'ſt
How much I have abhor'd even from my birth,
A thought that tended to immodeſt folly;
Yet I have fallen, thoughts with diſgraces ſtrive,
And thus I live, and thus I dye alive.

Enter Pedro, and Maria.

Pe. Fie *Clara*, thou doſt court calamity too much.

Ma. Yes Gi le, thou doſt.

Pe. Why ſhould we fret our eyes out with our tears?
Weary complaints, 'tis fruitleſſe, childiſh,
Impatience, for when miſchief hath wound up
The full weight of the Raviſhers foul Life,

To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
The poyſe will by degrees, ſink down his Soul
To a much lower, much more laſting ruine
Then our joynt wrongs can challenge.
Ped. Darkneſſe it ſelf
Will change nights ſable brow, into a Sun-beam
For a diſcovery, and be ſure
When ever we can learn what monſter 'twas
Hath rob'd thee of the Jewel held ſo pretious,
Our vengeance ſhall be noble.
Pe. Royal, any thing;
Till then let's live ſecurely: to proclame
Our ſadneſſe were meer vanity.
Cla. A needs not,
I'le ſtudy to be merry.
Pe. We are puniſh'd
Maria juſtly, covetouſneſſe to match
Our Daughter to that matchleſs piece of ignorance,
Our fooliſh ward, hath drawn this curſe upon us.
Ma. I fear it has!
Pe. Off with this face of grief.

Enter Lewys and Diego.

Die. Here comes Don *Lewys*; noble ſir,
Lew. My Lord,
I truſt I have you and your Ladies leave
To exchange a word with your fair Daughter.
Pe. Leave and welcome, hark *Maria*, your ear too.
Die. Mine my Lord.
Lew. Dear *Clara*, I have often ſu'd for Love,
And now deſire you would at laſt be pleas'd
To ſtile me yours.
Cla. Mine eyes n'ere ſaw that Gentleman
Whom I more nobly in my heart reſpected,
Then I have you, yet you muſt Sir excuſe me,
If I reſolve to uſe a while that freedom
My younger dayes allow.
Lew. But ſhall I hope?
Cla. You will do injury to better fortunes
To your own Merit, Greatneſſe, and Advancement,
Which I beſeech you not to ſlack.

Lew.

Lew. Then hear me,
If ever I embrace any other choyce,
Untill I know you elſewhere match'd, may all
The chief of my deſires find ſcorn and ruine.
Cla. Oh me!
Lew. Why ſigh you Lady?
Cla. Deed my Lord I am not well.
Lew. Then all Diſcourſe is tedious,
I'le chuſe ſome fitter time, till then fair *Clara* ——
Cla. You ſhall not be unwelcome hither ſir;
That's all that I dare promiſe.
Lew. *Diego!*
Die. My Lord!
Lew. What ſaies *Don Pedro?*
Die. Hee'l go with you.
Lew. Leave us:
Shall I my Lord entreat your privacy?
Pe. Withdraw *Maria*, wee'l follow preſently. *Exit.*
Lew. The great Corigidor, whoſe politick ſtream
Of popularity, glides on the ſhore
Of every vulgar praiſe, hath often urged me
To be a Suitor to his Catholick Majeſty,
For a repeal from baniſhment for him
Who ſlew my Father, complements in vowes,
And ſtrange well ſtudied promiſes of friendſhip,
But what is new to me, ſtill as he Courts
Aſſiſtance for *Alvarez* my grand enemy,
Still he proteſts how ignorant he is,
Whether *Alvarez* be alive or dead?
To morrow is the day we have appointed
For meeting at the Lord *Franciſco*'s houſe,
The Earl of *Carcomo*; now my good Lord,
Theſum of my requeſt is, you will pleaſe
To lend your preſence there, and witneſſe wherein
Our joynt accord conſiſts.
Ped. You ſhall command it.
Lew. But firſt as you are noble, I beſeech you
Help me with your advice, what you conceive
Of great *Fernando*'s importunity.
Or whether you imagine that *Alvarez*.

Survive

Survive or not?

Pe. It is a Queſtion ſir
Beyond my reſolution, I remember
The difference betwixt your Noble Father,
And *Conde de Alvarez*, how it ſprung
From a meer trifle firſt, a caſt of Hawks,
Whoſe made the ſwifter flight, whoſe could mount higheſt,
Lie longeſt on the wing. From change of words
Their controverſie grew to blows, from blows
To Parties, thence to Faction, and in ſhort
I well remember how our ſtreets were frighted
With brawls, whoſe end was blood, till when no friends
Could mediate their diſcords: by the King
A reconciliation was enforc'd,
Death threaten'd the firſt occaſioner
Of breach, beſides the confiſcation
Of Lands and Honours, yet at laſt they met
Again; again they drew to ſides, renew'd
Their antient Quarrel, in which diſmal uprore
Your Father hand to hand fell by *Alvarez*,
Alvarez fled, and after him the doom
Of exile was ſet out; He as Report
Was bold to voyce, retir'd himſelf to *Rhodes*,
His Lands and Honours by the King beſtow'd
On you, but then an Infant.

Lew. Ha, an Infant!

Pe. His Wife the Siſter to the *Corigidor*,
With a young Daughter, and ſome few that follow'd her
By ſtealth were ſhipt for *Rhodes*, and by a ſtorm
Ship-wrack'd at Sea, but for the baniſh'd *Conde*,
'Twas never yet known what became of him,
Here's all I can inform you.

Lew. A repeal,
Yes, I will ſue for't, beg for't, buy it, any thing
That may by poſſibility of friends,
Or money, i'le attempt.

Pe. 'Tis a brave charity.

Lew. Alas poor Lady, I could mourn for her!
Her loſſe was Uſury more then I covet;
But for the Man, i'de ſell my patrimony

For

For his repeal, and run about the World
To find him out, there is no peace can dwell
About my Fathers Tomb, till I have ſacrific'd
Some portion of revenge to his wrong'd aſhes.
You will along with me?

Pe. You need not queſtion it.

Lew. I have ſtrange thoughts about me, two ſuch furies
Revel amidſt my joyes, as well may move
Diſtraction in a Saint, Vengeance and Love,
I'le follow ſir.

Pe. Pray lead the way, you know it. *Exit.*

Enter Sancho and Soto.

Soto. How now! from whence come you ſir?

San. From fleaing my ſelf ſir.

Soto. From playing with Fencers ſir, and they have beat him out of his Cloaths ſir.

Pe. Cloak, Band, Rapier, all loſt at Dice!

San. Nor Cards neither.

Soto. This was one of my Maſters dog-dayes, and he would not ſweat too much.

San. It was mine own Gooſe, and I laid the Giblets upon an other Coxcombs trencher, you are my Gardian, beſt beg me for a fool now.

Soto. He that begs one begs tother.

Pe. Does any Gentleman give away his things thus?

San. Yes, and Gentlewomen give away their things too.

Soto. To Gulls ſometimes, and are Cony-catch'd for their labour.

Pe. Wilt thou ever play the Coxcomb?

San. If no other parts be given me, what would you have me do?

Pe. Thy Father was as brave a Spaniard
As ever ſpake the haute *Caſtilian* Tongue.

San. Put me in Cloaths, i'le be as brave as he.

Pe. This is the ninth time thou haſt plaid the Aſſe,
Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloath
To cover others, and go naked thy ſelf.

San. I'le make 'em up ten, becauſe i'le be even with you.

Pe. Once more your broken walls ſhall have new Hangings.

Soto. To be well hung is all our deſire.

Pe. And what courſe take you next?

San. What courſe? why my man *Soto* and I will go make ſome Maps.

Pe. What Maps?

Soto. Not ſuch Maps as you waſh Houſes with, but Maps of Countries.

San. I have an Unkle in *Sivell*, i'le go ſee him, an Aunt in *Siena* in *Italy*, I go ſee her.

Soto. A Coſen of mine in *Rome*, I go to him with a Morter.

San. There's a Curtizan in *Venice*, i'le go tickle her.

Soto. Another in *England*, i'le go tackle her.

Pe. So, ſo, and where's the money to do all this?

San. If my wookes being cut down cannot fill this Pocket, cut 'em into Trapſticks.

Soto. And if his Acres being ſold for a *Maruedi*, a Turffe for marks in Cages, cannot fill this Pocket, give 'em to Gold-finders.

Pe. You'l gallop both to the Gallows, ſo fare you well. *Exit.*

San. And be hang'd you, new cloaths y'ad beſt.

Soto. Four cloaks, that you may give away three, and keep one.

San. Wee'l live as merrily as Beggers, let's both turn Gipſies.

Soto. By any means, if they cog wee'l lie, if they toſſe wee'l tumble.

San. Both in a Belly, rather then fail.

Soto. Come then, wee'l be Gipſified.

San. And Tipſified too.

Soto. And we will ſhew ſuch tricks, and ſuch rare Gambols,
As ſhall put down the Elephant and Camels. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Roderigo Diſguiz'd like an Italian.

Ro. A thouſand ſtings are in me! oh what vild priſons
Make we our bodies, to our immortal ſouls!
Brave Tenants to bad houſes! 'tis a dear rent
They pay for naughty Lodging: the ſoul, the Miſtreſſe,
The body, the Caroach that carries her,
Sinnes the ſwift wheels that hurry her away:
Our Will the Coachman raſhly driveing on,
Till Coach and Carriage both are quite o're thrown:
My body yet ſcapes bruiſes, that known thief
Is not yet cal'd toth' Bar, there's no true ſence
Of pain, but what the Law of Conſcience

Condemns

Condemns us to, I feel that, who would loſe
A Kingdom for a Cottage? an Eſtate
Of perpetuity, for a mans Life?
For annuity of that Life (pleaſure) a ſparke
To thoſe Celeſtial fires that burn about us!
A painted Star to that bright Firmament
Of conſtellations, which each night are ſet
Lighting our way, yet thither how few get?
How many thouſand in *Madrill* drink off
The cup of luſt, and laughing in one moneth
Not whining as I doe? ſhould this ſad Lady
Now meet me, do I know her? ſhould this Temple
(By me prophan'd) lie in the ruines here,
The pieces would ſcarce ſhew her me: -- would they did
Shee's Miſtris to *Don Lewys* —— by his ſteps,
And this diſguiſe I'le finde her; to *Salamanca*
Thy Father thinks th'art gon; no cloſe here ſtay
Where e're thou travell'ſt Scorpions ſtop thy way; theſe

Enter Sancho and Soto as Gipſies.

San. Soto, how do I ſhew?

Soto. Like a rufty Armor new ſcour'd, but Maſter how ſhew I?

San. Like an Aſſe with a new pibal'd ſaddle on his back.

Soto. If the Devil were a Taylor, he would ſcarce know us in theſe gaberdines.

San. If a Taylor were the Devil, I'de not give a Lowſe for him, if he ſhould bring up this Faſhion amongſt Gentlemen, and make it common.

Ro. The freſhneſſe of the Morning be upon you both.

San. The ſaltneſſe of the Evening be upon you ſingle.

Ro. Be not diſpleas'd, that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours, your ſtrange habits
Invite me with deſire, to underſtand
Both what you are, and whence, becauſe no Country
(And I have meaſur'd ſome) ſhew me your like.

Soto. Our like! no we ſhould be ſorry, we or our cloaths ſhould be like fiſh, new, ſtale, and ſtinking in three dayes.

San. If you ask whence we are, we are *Ægyptian* Spaniards; if what, we are, *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *ſol*, Juglers, Tumblers, any thing, any where, every where.

Ro. A good fate hither leads me by the hand.

Your Quality I love, the ſcenical Schoole
Has been my Tutor long in *Italy*,
(For that's my Country) there have I put on
Sometimes the ſhape of a Comedian,
And now and then ſome other.

San. A Player! a brother of the tyring houſe!

Soto. A bird of the ſame feather.

San. Welcome, wut turn Gipſie?

Ro. I can nor Dance, nor Sing, but if my Pen
From my invention can ſtrike Muſick tunes,
My head and brains are yours.

Soto. A Calves-head and brains were better for my ſtomack.

San. A rib of Poetry.

Soto. A modicum of the Muſes, a horſe-ſhoe of *Helicon*.

San. A Mag-py of *Parnaſſus*, welcome agen, I am a fire-brand of *Phœbus* my ſelf, wee'l invoke together, ſo you will not ſteal my Plot.

Ro. 'Tis not my faſhion.

San. But now adayes 'tis all the faſhion.

Soto. What was the laſt thing you writ, a Comedy?

Ro. No, 'twas a ſad, too ſad a Tragedy,
Under theſe eves i'le ſhelter me.

San. See here comes our company,
Do our tops ſpin as you would have 'em?

Soto. If not whip us round.

San. I ſent you a Letter to tell you we were upon a march.

Enter Alvarez, Eugenia, Pretioſa, and all the Gipſies.

Al. And you are welcome, —— yet theſe fools will trouble us.

En. Rich fools ſhall buy our trouble.

San. Hang Lands, it's nothing but Trees, Stones and Dirt, old Father I have Gold to keep up our ſtock, pretious *Pretioſa*, for whoſe ſake I have thus transform'd my ſelf out of a Gentleman into a Gipſie, thou ſhalt not want ſweet Rimes my little Musk-cat, for beſides my ſelf, here's an *Italian* Poet, on whom I pray throw your welcoms.

Omnes. He's welcome!

Pre. Sir, y'are moſt welcome, I love a Poet,
So he writes chaſtely, if your Pen can ſell me
Any ſmooth queint Romances, which I may ſing,
You ſhall have Bayes and Silver.

Ro.

Ro. Pretty heart no ſelling,
What comes from me is free.
San. And me too.
Al. We ſhall be glad to uſe you ſir, our ſports
Muſt be an Orchard bearing ſeveral Trees
And Fruits of ſeveral taſte, one pleaſure dulls.
A time may come, when we (beſides theſe paſtimes)
May from the Grandoes and the Dons of *Spain*,
Have leave to try our skill even on the Stage,
And then your wits may help us.
San. And mine too.
Ro. They are your ſervants.
Pre. Trip ſoftly through the ſtreets, till we arrive
You know at whoſe houſe Father.

Song.

San. *Trip it Gipſies, trip it fine,*
Shew tricks and lofty Capers;
At threading Needles we repine,
And leaping over Rapiers.
Pindy Pandy raſcall toyes,
We ſcorn cutting Purſes,
Tho we live by making noyſe,
For cheating none can curſe us.

Over High-wayes, over low,
And over Stones and Gravell,
Tho we trip it on the Toe,
And thus for Silver travell.
Tho our Dances waſte our backs,
At night fat Capons mend them;
Eggs well brew'd in Butter'd-ſack,
Our Wenches ſay befriend them.

Oh that all the World were mad,
Then ſhould we have fine Dancing,
Hobby horſes would be had,
And brave Girles keep a prancing.
Beggers would on Cock-horſe ride,
And Boobies fall a roaring,
And Cuckolds tho no Horns be ſpide,
Be one another goring.

Welcome Poet to our Ging,
Make Rimes wee'l give thee reaſon,
Canary Bees thy brains ſhall ſting,
Mull-ſack did ne're ſpeake Treaſon.
Peter-ſee-me ſhall waſh thy nowle,
And Malligo Glaſſes fox thee,
If Poet thou toſſe not bowle for bowle
Thou ſhalt not kiſſe a Doxie. Exit.

Enter Fernando, Franciſco de Carcomo, Don John, Pedro, Maria, Lewys, and Diego.

Fer. Lewys de Caſtro, ſince you circled are
In ſuch a golden Ring of worthy friends,
Pray let me queſtion you about that buſineſſe
You and I laſt confer'd on.
Lew. My Lord I wiſh it.
Fer. Then Gentlemen, tho you all know this man,
Yet now look on him well, and you ſhall find
Such mines of Spaniſh Honour in his boſome,
As but in few are treaſur'd.
Lew. Oh my good Lord!
Fer. He's Son to that *de Caſtro*, o're whoſe Tomb
Fame ſtands writing a book which will take up
The age of time to fill it with the ſtories
Of his great acts, and that his honour'd Father
Fell in the Quarrel of thoſe Families
His own, and *Don Alvarez de Caſtilla.*
Fra. The volume of thoſe Families is too large,
And too wide printed in our memory.
Lew. Would it had ne're come forth.
Omnes. So wiſh we all.
Fer. But here's a Son as matchleſſe as the Father,
For he minds bravery: he lets blood his Spleen,
Tares out the leaf in which the Picture ſtands
Of ſlain *de Caſtro*, caſt a Hill of Sand
On all revenge, and ſtifles it.
Omnes. 'Tis done nobly.
Fer. For I by him am courted to ſollicite
The King for the repeal of poor *Alvarez*,
Who lives a baniſh'd man ſome ſay in *Naples.*

Pe. Some say in *Arragon.*
Lew. No matter where,
That Paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of *Spaine*
To free the good old man, and call him home;
But what hope hath your Lordship that these beames
Of grace shall shine upon me?
Fer. The word Royal!
Omnes. And that's enough.
Lew. Then since this sluce is drawn up to encrease
The streame, with pardon of these honor'd friends
Let me set ope another, and that's this,
That you my Lord *Don Pedro*, (and this Lady
Your noble Wife) would in this faire assembly
(If still you hold me Tenant to your favor)
Repeal the promise, you so oft have made me,
Touching the beautious *Clara* for my Wife.
Pe. What I possesse in her before these Lords
I freely once more give you.
Al. And what's mine?
To you (as right heir to it) I resigne.
Omnes. What would you more?
Lew. What would I more? the tree bowes down his head
Gently to have me touch it, but when I offer
To pluck the fruit, the top branch growes so high
To mock my reaching hand, up it does flie;
I have the Mothers smile, the Daughters frown.
Omnes. Oh you must wooe hard!
Fer. Wooe her well shee's thine own.
Jo. That Law holds not 'mongst Gipsies, I shoot hard,
And am wide off from the Marke. *Florish.*

Enter Soto, with a Cornet in his hand.

Fer. Is this my Lord your Musick?
Fra. None of Mine.
Soto. A crew of Gipsies with desire,
To shew their sports are at your Gates afire.
Fra. How, how, my Gates afire Knave!
Jo. Art panting? I am a fire I'me sure!
Fer. What are the things they doe?
Soto. They Friske, they Caper, Dance and Sing.

Tell fortunes too (which is a very fine thing)
They tumble ——— how ? not up and down
As tumblers doe, but from Towne to Towne.
Anticks they have, and Gipſie masking,
And toyes which you may have for asking ;
They come to devoure, nor Wine, nor good Cheere,
But to earne money, if any be here.
(But being ask'd, as I ſuppoſe,
Your anſwer will be in your tother hoſe)
For there's not a Gipſie amongſt 'em that begs,
But gets his living by his Tongue and Legs.
If therefore you pleaſe Dons they ſhall come in,
Now I have ended, let them begin.

Omnes. I, I, by any means.

Fra. But fellow bring you Muſick along with you too.

Soto. Yes my Lord, both lowd Muſick, and ſtill Muſick, the lowd is that which you have heard, and the ſtill is that which no man can heare. *Exit.*

Fer. A fine Knave.

Fra. There is a report of a faire Gipſie,
A pretty little toy, whom all our Gallants
In *Madrill* flock to looke on : this ſhee trow ?
Yes ſure 'tis ſhee ——— I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Enter Alvarez, Eugenia, Fretioſa, Roderigo, Sancho, Soto, and all the Gipſies.

Song.

1. *Come follow your Leader follow,*
Our Convoy be Mars *and* Apollo,
The Van comes brave up here,
Anſ. *As hotly comes the Reare.*
Omn. *Our Knackers are the Fifes and Drums,*
Sa, ſa, the Gipſies Army comes.

2. *Horſemen we need not fear,*
There's none but footmen here;
The Horſe ſure charge without ;
Or if they wheele about,
Omn. *Our Knackers are the ſhot that flie*
Pit a pat rattling in the Skie.

3. If

3. *If once the great Ordnance play*
That's laughing, yet run not away,
But ſtand the puſh of Pike,
Scorne can but baſely ſtrike.
Omn. *Then let our Armies joyn and ſing,*
And pit a pat make our Knackers ring.

4. *Arme, Arme, what Bands are thoſe?*
They cannot be ſure our foes,
Wee'l not draw up our force,
Nor muſter any Horſe,
Omn. *For ſince they pleas'd to view our ſight,*
Let's this way, this way, give delight.

5. *A Council of War lets call,*
Look either to ſtand or fall,
If our weak Army ſtands,
Thank all theſe noble hands;
Whoſe gates of love being open thrown
We enter, and then the Town's our own.

Fer. A very dainty thing.
Fra. A handſome Creature.
Ro. Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin.
Jo. Pit! 'tis a Grave to bury Lovers in.
Ro. My Fathers diſguiſe guard me.
San. Soto, there's *de Cortez* my guardian, but he ſmells not us.
Soto. Peace Brother Gipſie, wud any one here know his fortune?
Omnes. Good fortunes all of us.
Pe. 'Tis I ſir needs a good one, come ſir what's mine?
Ma. Mine and my Husbands fortunes keep together,
Who is't tells mine.
San. I, I, hold up Madam, fear not your pocket, for I ha but two hands.

You are ſad, or mad, or glad,
For a couple of Cocks that cannot be had,
Yet when abroad they have pick'd ſtore of grain,
Doodle doo they will cry on your Dunghills again.

Ma. Indeed I miſſe an idle Gentleman,
And a thing of his a fool, but neither ſad
Nor mad for them, would that were all the lead

Lying at my heart.

Ped. What look'ſt thou on ſo long?

Soto. So long! do you think good fortunes are freſh Herrings, to come in ſholes? bad fortunes are like Mackerel at Midſummer, you have had a ſore loſſe of late.

Ped. I have indeed, what is't?

Soto. I wonder it makes you not mad; for

Through a gap in your Ground
Thence late hath been ſtole
A very fine Aſſe, and a very fine Foale,
Take heed for I ſpeak not by habs and by nabs,
E're long you'l be horribly troubled with ſcabs.

Pe. I am now ſo, go ſilly fool.

Soto. I ha gin't him.

Sax. Oh *Soto*, that Aſſe and Foale fattens me!

Fer. The Mother of the Gipſies, what can ſhe do? I'le have a bout with her.

Jo. I with the Gipſie Daughter.

Fra. To her Boy!

Eu. From you went a Dove away
Which e're this had been more white,
Then the ſilver Roab of Day,
Her eyes the Moon has none ſo bright.
Sate ſhe now upon your hand
Not the Crown of Spain *could buy it,*
But 'tis flown to ſuch a Land,
Never more ſhall you come nie it;
Ha! yes if Palmeſtry tell true,
This Dove agen may fly to you.

Fer. Thou art a lying Witch, i'le hear no more.

San. If you be ſo hot ſir, we can cool you with a Song.

Soto. And when that Song's done, wee'l heat you agen with a dance.

Lew. Stay dear ſir, ſend for *Clara*, let her know her fortune.

Ma. 'Tis too well known.

Lew. 'Twill make her merry to be in this brave Company.

Pe. Good *Diego* fetch her. *Exit Diego.*

Fra. What's that old man! has he cunning too?

Omnes. More then all we.

Lew. Has he! I'le try his Spectacles.

Fer. Ha! *Rodcrigo* there! the Scholler

That

That went to *Salamanca*, takes he degrees
I'th Schoole of Gipſies? let the fiſh alone,
Give him line, this is the Dove, the Dove: the Raven
That Bedlam mock'd me with.
Lew. What worms pick you out there now?
Al. This — when this line the other croſſes,
Art tells me 'tis a book of loſſes,
Bend your hand thus, Oh! here I find
You have loſt a Ship in a great wind.
Lew. Lying Rogue I ne're had any.
Al. Hark, as I gather,
That great Ship was *de Caſtro* call'd your Father.
Lew. And I muſt hew that Rock that ſplit him.
Al. Nay and you threaten.
Fra. And what's *Don John* thy fortune? th'art long fumbling at it.
Jo. She tells me tales of the Moon ſir.
Pre. And now 'tis come to the Sun ſir.
Your Sun wud ride, the youth wud run,
The youth wud ſayle, the youth wud fly;
He's tying a knot will ne're be done,
He ſhoots, and yet has ne're an eye.
You have two, 'twere good you lent him one,
And a heart too, for he has none.
Fra. Hoyday, lend one of mine eyes!
San. They give us nothing, he'd beſt put on a bold face and ask it.

Song.

Now that from the Hive
You gather'd have the Honey,
Our Bees but poorly thrive,
Unleſs the Banks be ſunny.
Then let your Sun and Moon
Your gold and ſilver ſhine,
My thanks ſhall huming fly to you.
Omnes. *And mine, and mine, and mine.*
Al. *See, ſee, your Gipſie toyes,*
You mad Girles, you merry Boyes,
A boon voyage we have made,
Loud Peales muſt then be had,
If I a Gipſie be
A crack-rope I am for thee;

Oh

Oh here's a Golden Ring,
Such clappers pleaſe a King;
Such clappers pleaſe a King: you pleaſ'd may paſs away,
Then let your Bell-ropes ſtay,
Now chime 'tis Holy-day,
Now chime 'tis Holy-day.

Pre. No more of this pray Father, fall to your Dancing. *Dance.*

Lew. *Clara* will come too late now.

Fer. 'Tis great pity,
Beſides your Songs, Dances and other Paſtimes,
You do not as our Spaniſh Actors do, make trial of a Stage.

Al. We are hir about it,
So pleaſe your high Authority to ſigne us
Some warrant to confirme us.

Fer. My hand ſhall doo't —— and bring the beſt in *Spaine* to ſee your Sports.

Al. Which to ſet off this Gentleman a Scholler.

Ro. Pox on you.

Al. Will write for us.

Fer. A Spaniard ſir?

Ro. No my Lord an Italian.

Fer. Denies his Country too —— my Son ſings Gipſie Ballads,
Keepe as you are, wee'l ſee your Poets vaine,
And yours for playing; time is not ill ſpent
That's thus laid out in harmleſſe merriment. *Exit Gibſies Dancing.*

Pe. My Lord of *Carcomo*, for this entertainment,
You ſhall cammand our loves.

Fra Y'are nobly welcome.

Te. The Evening growes upon us, Lords to all
A happy time of day.

Fer. The like to you *Don Pedro.*

Lew. To my hearts ſole Lady,
Pray let my ſervice humbly be remembred,
We only miſt her preſence.

Ma. I ſhall truly
Report your worthy love. *Exit Ped. Ma.*

Fer. You ſhall no further,
Indeed my Lords you ſhall not.

Fra. With your favour
We will attend you home.

Enter

Enter Diego.

Die. Where's *Don Pedro?* oh ſir!
Lew. Why what's the matter?
Die. The Lady *Clara*,
Paſſing near to my Lord *Corigidors* houſe,
Met with a ſtrange miſchance.
Fer. How, what miſchance?
Die. The Jeſter that ſo late arrived at Court,
And there was welcome for his Countries ſake,
By importunity of ſome friends, it ſeems
Had borrow'd from the Gentleman of your Horſe,
The backing of your mettl'd Barbary:
On which being mounted, whilſt a number gaz'd
To hear what Jeſts he could perform on Horſe-back,
The head-ſtrong beaſt unus'd to ſuch a Rider,
Beares the preſſe of people before him,
With which throng the Lady *Clara* meeting,
Fainted, and there fell down, not bruis'd I hope,
But frighted and intranc'd:
Lew. Ill deſtin'd miſchief!
Fer. Where have you left her?
Die. At your houſe my Lord,
A ſervant comming forth, and knowing who
The Lady was, convey'd her to a Chamber,
A Surgeon too is ſent for.
Fer. Had ſhe been my Daughter,
My care could not be greater, then it ſhall be
For her recure.
Lew. But if ſhe miſcarry,
I am the moſt unhappy Man that lives. *Exit.*
Fer. Diego Coaſt about the Fields,
And over-take *Don Pedro* and his Wife,
They newly parted from us.
Die. I'le run ſpeedily. *Exit.*
Fer. A ſtrange miſchance, but what!
I have my Lord *Franciſco* this day noted,
I may tell you, an accident of merriment and wonder.
Fra. Indeed my Lord.
Fer. I have not thoughts enough
About me to imagine what th'event

Can come to, 'tis indeed about my Son;
Hereafter you may counsel me.
Fra. Most gladly, —— how fares the Lady?
Enter Lewys.
Lew. Cal'd back to life, but full of sadnesse.
Fer. Talks she nothing?
Lew. Nothing, for when the women that attend on her
Demanded how she did, she turn'd about,
And answered with a sigh, when I came near,
And by the Love I bore her, begg'd a word
Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,
Before she would reply, from her fair Eyes
She greets me with a Bracelet of her tears;
Then wish'd me not to doubt, she was too well,
Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance,
Or company untill her Father came.
And thus I left her.
Fra. For she's past the worst,
Young Maids are oft so troubled.
Enter Pedro, and Maria.
Fer. Here come they
You talk of —— sir, your Daughter for your comfort
Is now upon amendment.
Ma. Oh my Lord!
You speak an Angels voyce.
Fer. Pray in and visit her. *Exit. Pedro, and Maria.*
I'le follow instantly —— you shall not part
Without a cup of Wine my Lord.
Fra. 'Tis now too troublesome a time,
Which way take you *Don Lewys?*
Lew. No matter which, for till I hear
My *Clara* be recover'd, I am nothing,
My Lord *Corigidor*, I am your Servant
For this free entertainment.
Fer. You have conquer'd me
In noble courtesie.
Lew. Oh! that no art
But Love it self can cure a Love-sick heart. *Exit.*
Clara in a Chair, Pedro and Maria by her.
Ma. Clara, hope of mine age!

Ped.

Ped. Soul of my comfort,
Kill us not both at once; why doſt thou ſpeed
Thine Eye in ſuch a progreſs 'bout theſe Walls?
Cla. Yon large Window
Yields ſome fair proſpect, good my Lord look out.
And tell me what you ſee there.
Pe. Eaſie ſuite,
Clara it over-views a ſpacious Garden,
Amidſt which ſtands an Alablaſter Fountain,
A goodly one.
Cla. Indeed my Lord.
Ma. The griefs grow wide,
And will miſlead thy judgement through thy weakneſs
If thou obey thy weakneſs.
Cla. Who owns theſe glorious buildings?
Pe. *Don Fernando*
De Azeutda, the *Corigidor*
Of *Mardrill*, a true noble Gentleman.
Cla. May I not ſee him?
Ma. See him *Clara*, why?
Cla. A truly noble Gentleman you ſaid ſir.
Pe. I did: loe here he comes in perſon,
We are my Lord your Servants.

Enter Fernando.

Fer. Good no complement,
Young Lady there attends below a Surgeon
Of worthy fame and practice, is't your pleaſure
To be his Patient?
Cla. With your favour ſir,
May I impart ſome few, but needfull words
Of ſecreſie to you, to you your ſelf,
None but your ſelf.
Fer. You may.
Pe. Muſt I not hear 'em?
Ma. Nor I.
Cla. Oh yes, pray ſit my Lord.
Fer. Say on.
Cla. You have been maried.
Fer. To a VViſe young Lady,
VVho whiles the Heavens did lend her me was fruitfull

In all thoſe vertues which ſtiles Woman good.
Cla. And you had Children by her.
Fer. Had 'tis true,
Now have but one, a Son, and he yet lives,
The Daughter, as if in her Birth, the Mother
Had perfected the errand ſhe was ſent for
Into the World, from that hour took her Life
In which the other that gave it her, loſt hers;
Yet ſhortly ſhe unhappily, but fatally
Periſh'd at Sea.
Cla. Sad ſtory!
Fer. *Roderigo*,
My Sonne.
Cla. How is he call'd ſir?
Fer. *Roderigo*.
He lives at *Salamanca*, and I fear
That neither Time, Perſwaſions nor his Fortunes
Can draw him thence.
Cla. My Lord, d'ee know this Crucifix?
Fer. You drive me to amazement, 'twas my Sons,
A Legacy bequeathed him from his Mother
Upon her Death bed, dear to him as Life;
On Earth there cannot be another treaſure
He values at like rate as he does this.
Cla. Oh then I am a caſt-away!
Ma. How's that?
Pe. Alas ſhe will grow frantick.
Cla. In my boſome,
Next to my Heart my Lord I have laid up,
In Bloody Character a Tale of horror,
Pray read the Paper, and if there you find
Ought that concerns a Maid undone, and miſerable
Made ſo by one of yours; call back the piety
Of nature, to the goodneſs of a Judge,
An upright Judge, not of a partial Father,
For do not wonder that I live to ſuffer
Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
That I have liv'd to ſpeak them; thou great man
Yet read, read on, and as thou read'ſt conſider
What I have ſuffer'd, what thou ought'ſt to do;

Thine

Thine owa Name, Father-hood, and my diſhonour
Be juſt as Heaven and Fate are, that by miracle
Have in my weakneſs wrought a ſtrange diſcovery;
Truth copyed from my heart is texted there:
Let now my ſhame be throughly underſtood,
Sinnes are heard fartheſt, when they cry in blood.
Fer. True, true, they do not cry but hollow here,
This is the Trumpet of a *S*oul drown'd deep
In the unfathom'd Seas of match leſs ſorowes.
I muſt lock faſt the Dore. *Exit.*
Ma. I have no words
To call for vengeance.
Pe. I am loſt in marvaile.

Enter Fernando.

Fer. Sir, pray ſit as you ſate before: white paper
This ſhould be innocence, theſe Letters Gules
Should be the honeſt Oracles of Revenge.
What's Beauty but a perfect white and red?
Both here well mixt, limne truth ſo beautifull,
That to diſtruſt it as I am a Father;
Speaks me as foul, as rape hath ſpoken my Son,
'Tis true.
Cla. 'Tis true.
Fer. Then mark me how I kneel
Before the high tribunal of your Injuries;
Thou too too much wrong'd Maid ſcorn not my tears,
For theſe are tears of Rage, not tears of *L*ove.
Thou Father of this too too much wrong'd Maid,
Thou Mother of her counſells and her cares;
I do not plead for pitty to a Villain,
Oh! let him dye as he hath liv'd diſhonourably,
Baſely and curſedly, I plead for pitty,
To my till now untainted blood and honour,
Teach me how I may now be juſt and cruell;
For henceforth I am Childleſſe.
Cla. Pray ſir riſe,
You wrong your place and age.
Fer. Point me my Grave
In ſome obſcure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my Name may be found out.

Cla. My Lord I can weep with you, nay weep for yee
As you for me, your paſſions are inſtructions,
And prompt my faltering Tongue to beg at leaſt
A noble ſatisfaction, tho not revenge
Fer. Speak that agen.
Cla. Can you procure no Balme
To heal a wounded Name?
Fer. Oh th'art as fair
In Mercy as in Beauty, wilt thou live,
And I'le be thy Phyſitian?
Cla. I'le be yours.
Fer. Don Pedro, wee'l to counſail
This Daughter ſhall be ours, ſleep, ſleep, young Angell,
My care ſhall wake about thee.
Cla. Heaven is gracious,
And I am eas'd.
Fer. We will be yet more private,
Might curtains o're the world, ſoft dreams reſt with thee.
The beſt revenge is to reform our crimes,
Then time crowns ſorrows, ſorrows ſweeten times. *Ex.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Alvarez, Sancho, Soto, Antonio, Claro, Eugenia, Pretioſa, Chriſtiana, and Don John. A ſhowt within.

Omnes. Welcome, welcome, welcome.
Soto. More Sacks to the Mill.
San. More Theeves to the Sacks.
Al. Peace.
Pre. I give ynou ow my welcome without noyſe.
Jo. 'Tis Muſick to me. *He offers to kiſs her.*
Omnes. Oh ſir!
San. You muſt not be in your Mutton before we are out of our Veale.
Soto. Stay for Vineger to your Oyſters, no opening till then.
Eu. No kiſſing till y'are ſworn.

Jo. Swear me then quickly,
I have brought Gold for my admission.

Al. What you bring leave, and what you leave count lost.

San. I brought all my Teeth, two are struck out, them I count lost, so must you.

Soto. I brought all my wits, half I count lost, so must you.

Jo. To be as you are, I lose Father, Friends,
Birth, Fortunes, all the World; what will you do
With the Beast I rode on hither?

San. A Beast! is't a Mule? send him to *Muly Crag* a whee in *Barbary*.

Soto. Is't an Asse? give it to a Lawyer, for in *Spain* they ride upon none else.

Jo. Kill him by any means, lest being pursu'd
The Beast betray me.

Soto. He's a Beast betrays any man.

San. Except a Bayliff to be pump'd.

Jo. Pray bury the Carcass and the furniture.

San. Do, do, bury the Asses Houshold-stuffe, and in his skin sow any Man that's mad for a Woman.

Al. Do so then, bury it, now to your Oath.

Eu. All things are ready.

Al. *Thy best hand lay on this Turffe of Grass,*
(There thy Heart lies) vow not to passe
From us two years for Sun nor Snow,
For hill nor dale (how e're Winds blow.)
Vow the hard Earth to be thy Bed,
With her green Cushions under thy Head;
Flowre banks or Misse to be thy bord,
Water thy Wine,

San. *And drink like a Lord.*

Omnes. *Kings can have but Coronations,*
We are as proud of Gipsie Fashions,
Dance, Sing, and in a well-mixt border,
Close this new Brother of our Order.

Al. *What we get, with us come share,*
You to get must vow to care;
Nor strike Gipsie, nor stand by,
When strangers strike, but fight or dye,
Our Gipsie Wenches are not common,

You must not kisse a fellowes Leman;
Nor to your own (for one you must)
In Songs send errands of base lust.
Omnes. *Dance, Sing, and in a well mix'd border,*
Close this new Brother of our Order.
Jo. *On this Turfe of Grass I vow*
Your Laws to keep, your Laws allow.
Omnes *A Gipsie, a Gipsie, a Gipsie.*

Eu. Now choose what Maid has yet no Mate, she's yours.
Jo. Here then fix I my fate. *Offers to kisse.*
San. Agen fall too before you ha wash'd!
Soto. Your Nose in the Manger, before the Oates are measur'd, Jade so hungry!

Al. *Set foot to foot, those Garlands hold,*
Teach him how, now mark what more is told;
By crosse Armes the Lovers signe,
Vow as these flowers themselves entwine,
Of Aprils wealth building a throne
Round; so your love to one or none,
By those touches of your feet,
You must each night embracing meet;
Chaste how e're disjoyn'd by day,
You the Sun with her must play;
She to you the Marigold,
To none but you her Leaves unfold;
Wake she or sleep, your Eyes so charm,
Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.

Cla. This is your Market now of kisses,
Buy and sell free each other blisses.
Jo. Most willingly.
Omnes. Holy dayes, high dayes, Gipsie Faires,
When kisses are Fairings, and hearts meet in paires.
Al. All Ceremonies end here, welcome Brother Gipsie.
San. And the better to instruct thee, mark what a brave life 'tis all the year long.

Song.

Brave Don caſt your eyes on our Gipſie Faſhions,
In our antique hey de guize, we go beyond all Nations;
Plump Dutch at us grutch, ſo do Engliſh, ſo do French,
He that loapes on the Ropes, ſhew me ſuch an other wench.

We no Camells have to ſhew, nor Elephant with growt head,
We can Dance, he cannot go, becauſe the Beaſt is Corn-fed;
No blinde Bears ſhedding tears, for a Colliers whipping,
Apes nor Dogs, quick as Frogs, over Cudgells skipping.

Jack in Boxes, nor Decoyes, Puppets, nor ſuch poor things,
Nor are we thoſe roring Boyes, that coſen Fools with guilt Rings;
For an Ocean, not ſuch a motion, as the City Ninivie,
Dancing, Singing, and fine Ringing, you theſe ſports ſhall hear and ſee.
Come now what ſhall his Name be?

Pre. His Name ſhall now be *Andrew*, friend *Andrew* mark me:
Two years I am to try you, prove fine Gold,
The uncrack'd Diamond of my Faith ſhall hold.
Jo. My vows are Rocks of Adamant.
Pre. Two years you are to try me, black when I turn
May I meet youth and want, old age and ſcorn.
Jo. Kings Diadems ſhall not buy thee.
Cla. Do you think
You can endure the Life and love it?
Jo. As Uſurers dote upon their treaſure,
Soto. But when your Face ſhall be tand, like a Saylors workie-day hand.
San. When your Feet ſhall be gall'd, and your Noddle b mall'd:
Soto. When the Woods you muſt forredge, and not meet with poor Peaſe-porridge.
San. Be all to be dabled, yet lie in no ſheet.
Soto. With VViinters Froſt, Hayle, Snow and Sleete;
VVhat Life will you ſay it is then?
Jo. As now the ſweeteſt.
Away, away, the Corigidor has ſent for you. *Diego within.*

Song.

San. *Hence merily ſing to get Money,*
Dry are the Fields, the Bancks are Sunny;
Silver is ſweeter far than Honey.
Flie like Swallowes,
We for our Coneys muſt get Mallowes,
Who loves not his Dill, *let him die at the Gallowes;*
Hence bonny Girles foot it trimly,
Smug up your Beetle Browes, none look grimly,
To ſhew a pretty foot, Oh! 'tis ſeemly. *Exit.*

Enter Cardochia, ſtayes Soto.

Car. Do you hear you Gipſie? Gipſie?
Soto. Me?
Car. There's a young Gipſie newly entertain'd,
Sweet Gipſie call him back for one two words,
And here's a Jewel for thee.
Soto. I'le ſend him:
Car. What's his Name?
Soto. Andrew. *Exit.*
Car. A very handſome fellow, I ha ſeen Courtiers
Jet up and down in their full bravery,
Yet here's a Gipſie worth a drove of 'em.

Enter Don John.

Jo. With me ſweet Heart?
Car. Your Name is *Andrew.*
Jo. Yes.
Car. You can tell Fortunes *Andrew.*
Jo. I could once,
But now *I* ha loſt that knowledge, I am in haſte,
And cannot ſtay to tell you yours.
Car. I cannot tell yours then,
And cauſe you are in haſt, I am quick,
I am a Maid.
Jo. So, ſo, a Maid quick.
Car. Juanna Cardochia
That's mine own Name, I am my Mothers Heir
Here to this Houſe, and two more.
Jo. I buy no Lands.
Car. They ſhall be given you, with ſome Plate and Money,

And

And free poſſeſſion (during life) of me,
So the match like you, for ſo well I love you,
That I in pitty of this Trade of Gipſying
(Being baſe, idle and ſlaviſh) offer you
A ſtate to ſettle you, my youth and beauty ,
(Deſir'd by ſome brave *Spaniards*) ſo I may call you
My husband, ſhall I *Andrew*?
Jo. 'Las pretty Soul,
Better Stars guide you, may that hand of *Cupid*
Ake, ever ſhot this arrow at your heart,
Sticks there one ſuch indeed?
Car. I would there did not,
Since you'l not pluck it out.
Jo. Good ſweet I cannot;
For marriage 'tis a Law amongſt us Gipſies
We match in our own Tribes, for me to wear you
I ſhould but wear you out.
Car. I do not care,
Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth,
Ruine me, ſo you lend me but your love,
A little of your love.
Jo. Would I could give it,
For you are worth a World of better men,
For your free noble minde, all my beſt wiſhes
Stay with you, I muſt hence.
Car. Wear for my ſake
This Jewell.
Jo. I'le not rob you, I'le take nothing.
Car. Wear it about your neck but one poor Moon;
If in that time your eye be as 'tis now,
Send my Jewell home agen, and I proteſt
I'le never more think on you; deny not this,
Put it about your neck.
Jo. Well then 'tis done.
Car. And vow to keep it there.
Jo. By all the Goodneſs
I wiſh attend your Fortunes I do vow it. *Exit.*
Car. Scornd! thou haſt temper'd poyſon to kill me
Thy ſelf ſhall drink; ſince I cannot enjoy thee
My revenge ſhall.

Enter Diego.

Die. Where are the Gipſies?
Car. Gon; —— *Diego* do you love me?
Die. Love thee *Juanna*!
Is my life mine! it is but mine ſo long
As it ſhall do thee ſervice.
Car. There's a younger Gipſie newly entertain'd.
Die. A handſome raſcal; what of him?
Car. That ſlave in obſceane Language courted me.
Drew Rialls out, and would have bought my body
Diego from thee!
Die. Is he ſo Itchy? I'le cure him.
Car. Thou ſhalt not touch the Villain, I'le ſpin his fate;
Woman ſtrike ſure, fall the blow ne're ſo late.
Die. Strike on ſin, thou wilt be a ſtriker. *Exit.*

Enter Fernando, Franciſco, Pedro, and Lewys.

Fer. See *Don Lewys*, an Army!
(The ſtrongeſt Army in *Spain*) to the full length
Is ſtretch'd to pluck old Count *Alvarez* home
From his ſad baniſhment.
Lew. VVith longing Eyes,
(My Lord) I expect the man your Lordſhips pardon,
Some buſineſſe call's me from you.
Fer. Prithee *Don Lewys*,
Unleſſe th'occaſion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us, all the *Gipſies*
VVill be here preſently.
Lew. I will attend your Lordſhip,
Before their ſports be done. *Exit.*
Fer. Be your own Carver,
Not yet ſhake off theſe fetters? I ſee a Son
Is heavy when a Father carries him
On his old heart.
Fra. Could I ſet up my reſt,
That he were loſt, or taken Priſoner;
I could hold truce with ſorrow; but to have him
Vaniſh I know not how, gon none knows whither.
'Tis that mads me.
Pe. You ſaid he ſent a Letter.
Fra. A Letter! a mere Riddle; he's gon to ſee

His

His fortune in the Warres, what Warres have we?
Suppoſe we had, goes any man to th' Field
Naked, unfurniſh'd, both Armes and Money?
Fer. Come, come, he's gone a Wenching; we in our youth
Ran the ſelf-ſame Byas.

Enter Diego.

Die. The Gipſies my Lord are come.
Fer. Are they? let them enter: *Exit Diego.*
My Lord *De Cortez* ſend for your Wife and Daughter,
Good company is good Phyſick, take the pains
To ſeat your ſelves in my great Chamber. *Exit.*

Enter Alvarez, Don John, Roderigo, Antonio, Carlo, Eugenia, Pretioſa, Chriſtiana, Sancho, and Soto.

Fer. See they are here, what's your number?
San. The figure of nine caſts us all up my Lord.
Fer. Nine! let me ſee —— you are ten ſure.
Soto. That's our Poet, he ſtands for a Cipher.
Fer. Ciphers make numbers; what Playes have you?
Al. Five or ſix my Lord.
Fer. It's well ſo many already.
Soto. We are promiſt a very merry Tragedy, if all hit right, of *Cobby Nobby.*
Fer. So, ſo, a merry Tragedy, there is a way which the *Italians*, and the *Frenchmen* uſe; that is, on a word given, or ſome ſlight Plot,
The Actors will *extempore* faſhion out
Sceans neat and witty.
Al. We can do that my Lord, pleaſe you beſtow the ſubject.
Fer. Can you? come hither,
You Maſter Poet to ſave you a labour,
Look you, againſt your comming I projected
This Comick paſſage — your Dramma; that's the Scean.
Ro. I, I, my Lord.
Fer. I lay in our own Country, *Spain.*
Ro. 'Tis beſt ſo.
Fer. Here's a brave part for this old Gipſie — look you
The Father: read the Plot —— this young ſhe Gipſie,
This Lady —— now the Son —— play him your ſelf.
Ro. My Lord, I am no Player.
Fer. Pray at this time,

(The Plot being full) to pleaſe my noble Friends,
Becauſe your brains muſt into theirs put Language,
Act thou the Sons part, —— I'le reward your pains.
Ro. Proteſt my Lord ——
Fer. Nay, nay, ſhake off proteſting,
When I was young ſir, I have plaid my ſelf.
San. Your ſelfe my *Lord*! you were but a poor Companie then.
Fer. Yes, full enough honeſt fellow —— will you do it?
Ro. I'le venture.
Fer. I thank you, let this Father be a *Don*
Of a brave ſpirit, old Gipſie obſerve me.
Al. Yes my Lord.
Fer. Play him up high, not like a Pantaloone,
But hotly, nobly, checking this his *Son*,
Whom make a very rake-hell, a deboſh'd fellow, ——
This poynt I think will ſhew well.
Ro. This of the Picture,
It will indeed my Lord.
San. My Lord, what part play I?
Fer. What part doſt uſe to play?
San. If your Lordſhip has ever a Coxcombe, I think I could fit you.
Fer. I thank your Coxcombe-ſhip.
Soto. Put a Coxcombe upon a *Lord*!
Fer. There are parts to ſerve you all, go, go make ready?
And call for what you want. *Exit.*
Al. Give me the Plot, our wits are put to tryal.
What's the Son's Name, *Lorenzo*? that's your part
Look only you to that, —— theſe I'le diſpoſe;
Old *Don Avero*, mine; *Hinldo*, *Lollio*,
Two ſervants, you for them.
San. One of the fooliſh knaves give me, I'le be *Hialdo*.
Soto. And I *Lollio*.
San. Is there a Banquet in the Play? we may call for what we will.
Ro. Yes, here is a Banquet.
San. I'le go then and beſpeake an ocean of ſweet meates, Marmalad and Cuſtards.
Al. Make haſt to know what you muſt doe.

San.

San. Doe! call for enough, and when my Belly is full, fill my Pockets.

Soto. To a Banquet there muſt be Wine, Fortunes a ſcurvy whore: if ſhe makes not my head ſound like a Rattle, and my heels Dance the Canaries.

Al. So, ſo, diſpatch, whilſt we employ our brains
To ſet things off toth' life. *Exit.*

Ro. I'le be ſtreight with you,
Why does my Father put this trick on me?
Spies he me through my Vizard? if he does,
He's not the King of *Spain*, and 'tis no Treaſon;
If his invention, Jet upon a Stage
Why ſhould not I uſe Action? a deboſh'd fellow!
A very rake-hell, this reflects on me,
And i'le retort it, grown a Poet Father?
No matter in what ſtrain your Play muſt run,
But I ſhall fit you for a roaring Son. *Exit. Floriſh.*

Enter Franciſco, Pedro, Fernando, Diego, Maria, and Clara.

Fer. Come Ladies take your places, this their Muſick,
'Tis very handſome, oh! I wiſh this Room
Were frighted, but with noble friends
As are to you my welcomes, begin there maſters. *Floriſh within.*

San. Preſently my Lord, we want but a cold Capon for a property.

Fer. Call, call for one —— now they begin.

Enter Sancho, the Prologue.

San. Both ſhort and ſweet ſome ſay is beſt.
We will not only be ſweet but ſhort,
Take you Pepper in the Noſe you mar out ſport.

Fer. By no means Pepper.

San. Of your Love meaſure us forth but one ſpan,
We do (tho not the beſt) the beſt we can. *Exit.*

Fer. A good honeſt Gipſie.

Enter Alvarez and Soto.

Al. Slave! where's my Son *Lorenzo?*

Soto. I have ſought him my Lord in all four Elements; in Earth, my Shooes are full of Gravel; in Water, I drop at Noſe with ſweating; in Air, whereſoever I heard noyſe of Fidlers, or the wide mouthes of Gallon-pots roaring; and in Fire, what Chimney

Chimney ſoever I ſaw ſmoaking with good chear, for my Maſters Dinner, as I was in hope.

Al. Not yet come home? before on this old Tree
Shall grow a branch ſo blaſted, i'le hew it off,
And bury it at my foot, didſt thou enquire
At my Brothers?

Soto. At your Siſters.

Al. At my Wives Fathers?

Soto. At your Uncles Mothers, no ſuch ſheep has broke through their hedge, no ſuch Calfe as your Sonne ſucks, or bleates in their ground.

Al. I am unbleſt to have but one Son only,
One ſtaffe to bear my age up —— one Taper left,
To light me to my Grave, and that burns dimly
That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe,
He that ſhould prop me is mine overthrow.

Fer. Well done old fellow is't not?

Omnes. Yes, yes, my Lord.

Enter Sancho.

Soto. Here comes his man *Hialdo.*

Al. Where's the prodigal your Maſter firrah?

San. Eating Acorns amongſt Swine, draffe amongſt Hogs, and gnawing bones amongſt Dogs; has loſt all his Money at Dice, his Wits with his Money, and his Honeſty with Both, for he bum-fiddles me; makes the Drawers curvet, pitches the Plate over the Bar, ſcores up the Vintners Name in the Ram-head; flirts his Wife under the noſe, and bids you with a pox ſend him more Money.

Al. Art thou one of his Currs to bite me too?
To nayle thee to the Earth were to do Juſtice.

Enter Roderigo.

San. Here comes *Bucephalus* my prancing Maſter, nayle me now who dares.

Ro. I ſit like an Owle in the Ivy-buſh of a Tavern!
Hialdo I have drawn Red Wine from the Vintners own Hogs-head.

San. Here's two more, pierce them too.

Ro. Old *Don* whom I call Father, am I thy Sonne? if I be, fleſh me with Gold, fat me with Silver; had I *Spain* in this hand, and

Portugall

Portugall in this, puffe it ſhould fly, where's the money I ſent for? —
I'le tickle you for a Rake-hell.

San. Not a *Marvedi.*

Al. Thou ſhalt have none of me.

Soto. Hold his noſe to the Grinſtone my Lord.

Ro. I ſhall have none!

Al. Charge me a caſe of Piſtols,
What I have built i'le ruine, ſhall I ſuffer
A Slave to ſet his Foot upon my heart?
A Son! a barbarous Villain, or if Heaven ſave thee
Now from my Juſtice, yet my curſe purſues thee.

Ro. Hialdo, carbonado thou the old Rogue my Father.

San. Whilſt you ſlice into Collups the ruſty Gamon his man there.

Ro. No Money! Can Taverns ſtand without anon, anon? Fidlers live without ſcraping, Taffaty Girles look plump without pampering? if you will not Lard me with Money, give me a ſhip, furniſh me to Sea.

Al. To have thee hang'd for Piracy?

San. Trim, tram, hang Maſter hang Man.

Ro. Then ſend me to the Weſt-Indies, buy me ſome Office there.

Al. To have thy throat cut for Quarrelling.

Ro. Elſe ſend me and my ningle *Hialdo* to the Wars.

San. A match wee'l fight Dog, fight Bear.

Enter Antonio.

An. Oh dear *Hernando!* welcome, clap Wings to your heels,
And pray my worthy friends beſtow upon me
Their preſent Viſitations.

Ant. Lorenzo, ſee the anger of a Father,
Altho it be as low'd and quick as thunder,
Yet 'tis done inſtantly, caſt off thy wildneſſe,
Be mine, be mine, for I to call thee home
Have with my honor'd friend here, *Don Hernando*
Provided thee a wife.

Ro. A Wife! is ſhe handſome? is ſhe rich? is ſhe fair? is ſhe witty? is ſhe honeſt? hang honeſty. Has ſhe a ſweet Face, Cherry-Cheek, Strawbury-lip, white skin, dainty Eye, pretty Foot, delicate Legs? as there's a Girl now.

Ant. It is a Creature both for Birth and Fortunes,

And for the moſt excellent graces of the mind,
Few like her in *Spain*.

Ro. When ſhall I ſee her? —— now Father pray take your curſe off.

Al. I doe, the Lady
Lives from *Madrill*, very near fourteen Leagues,
But thou ſhalt ſee her Picture.

Ro. That, that, moſt Ladies in theſe dayes are but very fine Pictures.

Enter Clara, Don John, Eugenia, Pretioſa, Chriſtiana, Sancho and Soto.

Al. Ladies to you firſt welcome, my Lords (*Alonzo*,
And you worthy Marqueſs) thanks for theſe honours.
Away you: to th' cauſe now of this meeting, my Son *Lorenzo*,
Whoſe wildneſs you all know comes now to th' Lure,
Sits gently; has call'd home his wandering thoughts,
And now will Marry.

Pre. A good Wife Fate ſend him.

Eu. One ſtayd may ſettle him.

Ro. Flie to the mark ſir, ſhew me the Wench, or her Face, or any thing I may know 'tis a woman fit for me.

Al. See is not here herſelf, but here's her Picture. *A Picture.*

Fer. My Lord *De Carcomo*, pray obſerve this.

Fra. I do attentively —— *Don Pedro*, mark it.

Enter Soto.

Soto. If you ha done your part, yonders a Wench wud ha a bout with you. *Exit.*

Io. Me! *Exit.*

Die. A VVench! *Exit.*

Al. VVhy ſtand you ſtaring at it? how do you like her?

Ro. Are you in earneſt?

Al. Yes ſir, in earneſt.

Ro. I am not ſo hungry after fleſh to make the Devil a Cuckold.

An. Look not upon the Face, but on the goodneſs
That dwells within her.

Ro. Set fire on the Tenement.

Al. Shee's rich, nobly diſcended.

Ro. Did ever Nobility look ſo ſcurvily?

Al. I am ſunk in fortunes, ſhe may raiſe us both.

Ro. Sink, let her to her Grãnam; marry a VVitch! have you fetch'd a VVife for me out of *Lapland*? an old Midwife in a velvet Hat, were a Goddeſſe to this: that a red Lip!

Pre:

Pre. There's a red Noſe.
Ro. That a yellow hair.
Eu. Why? her teeth may be yellow.
Ro. VVhere's the full Eye?
Chri. She has full blabber Cheeks.
Al. Set up thy reſt, her marrieſt thou or none.
Ro. None then, were all the Water in the World one Sea, all Kingdoms one Mountain, I would climbe on all four, up to the top of that Hill, and head-long hurle my ſelfe into that abyſſe of waves e're I would touch the skin of ſuch rough Haberdine, for the breath of her Picture ſtinks hither.

A noyſe within. *Enter Don Johu, Diego, Cardochia, Sancho, and Soto in a hurry.*

Fer. VVhat tumult's this?
San. Soto. Murder, murder, murder, one of our Gipſies is in danger of hanging, hanging!
Ped. VVho is hurt?
Die. 'Tis I my Lord, ſtap'd by this Gipſie.
Jo. He ſtruck me firſt, and I'le not take a blow
From any *Spaniard* breathing.
Pe. Are you ſo brave?
Fer. Break up your Play: lock all the Doors.
Die. I faint my Lord.
Fra. Have him to a Surgeon, how fell they out?
Card. Oh! my good Lord, theſe Gipſies when they lodg'd
At my houſe, I had a Jewel from my Pocket
Stolne by this Villain.
Joh. 'Tis moſt falſe my Lords,
Her own hands gave it me.
Pre. She that calls him Villain,
Or ſayes he ſtole.
Fer. Hoyday, we hear your ſcoulding.
Card. And the hurt Gentleman finding it in his boſome
For that he ſtabb'd him.
Fer. Hence with all the Gipſies.
Ped. Ruffians and Theeves, to priſon with 'em all.
Al. My Lord wee'l leave Engagements, in Plate and Money
For all our ſafe ſorth-commings; puniſh not all
For one's offence, wee'l prove our ſelves no Theeves.

San. Oh *Soto*! I make Buttons.

Soto. Would I could make ſome, and leave this Trade.

Fer. Iron him then, let the reſt go free, but ſtir not one foot out of *Madrill*; bring you in your witnels.

Soto. Prick him with a Pinne, or pinch him by the Elbow; any thing.

San. My Lord *Don Pedro*, I am your Warde, we have ſpent a little Money to get a horrible deale of Wit, and now I am weary of it.

Pe. My runne-awayes turn'd Juglers! Fortune-Tellers!

Soto. No great Fortunes.

Fer. To Priſon with 'em both: a Gentleman play the Aſſe!

San. If all Gentlemen that play the Aſſe ſhould to Priſon, you muſt widen your Jayles. Come *Soto*, I ſcorne to beg, ſet thy foot to mine, and kick at ſhackles.

Fer. So, ſo, away with 'em.

Soto. Send all our Company after, and wee'l play there, and be as merry as you here. *Exit.*

Fer. Our Comedy turn'd Tragical! pleaſe you Lords walk.
This Actor here and I muſt change a word,
And I come to you.

Omnes. Well my Lord, your pleaſure. ——*Exeunt.*

Fer. Why? couldſt thou think in any baſe diſguiſe
To blinde my ſight? Fathers have Eagles Eyes.
But pray ſir why was this done? why when I thought you
Faſt lock'd in *Salamanca* at your Study,
Leap'd you into a Gipſie?

Ro. Sir, with your pardon,
I ſhall at fit time, to you ſhew cauſe for all.

Fer. Meantime ſir, you have got a Trade to live by,
Beſt to turn Player, an excellent Ruffian! ha!
But know ſir, when I had found you out, I gave you
This project of ſet purpoſe, 'tis all my ſelf,
What the old Gipſie ſpake muſt be my Language,
Nothing are left me but my Offices,
And thin fac'd honours, and this very Creature
By you ſo ſcorn'd, muſt raiſe me by your Marrying her.

Ro. You would not build your glory on my ruines.

Fer. The Raſcall has bely'd the Lady,
She is not half ſo bad, all's one, ſhe's rich.

Ro.

Ro. Oh! will you ſee the joyes of my full youth?
To Dunghill muck, ſeek out ſome wretches Daughter;
Whoſe ſoul is loſt for gold then? you are more noble
Then t'have your Son, the top branch of your houſe
Grow in a heap of Rubbiſh; I muſt marry a thing,
I ſhall be aſham'd to own, aſham'd to bring her
Before a Sun-beam.
Fer. I cannot help it ſir, reſolve upon't, and doo't.
Ro. And doo't and die.
Is there no face in *Spain* for you to pick out
But one to fright me? when you ſat the Play here
There was a beauty, to be Lord of which
I would againſt an Army throw defiance.
Fer. She! Alas.
Ro. How! how! at every hair of hers
There hangs a very Angel, this! I am ready
To drop down looking at it: Sir I beſeech you
Bury me in this Earth, on which I am humbled
To beg your bleſſing on me for a Gipſie,
Rather then —— oh! I know not what to term it.
Pray what is that young penſive piece of beauty?
Your voyce for her, I ey'd her all the Scene.
Fer. I ſaw you did.
Ro. Me thought 'twas a ſweet Creature.
Fer. Well tho my preſent ſtate ſtands now on Ice,
I'le let it crack and fall, rather then bar thee
Of thy content, this Lady ſhall go by then.
Ro. Hang let her there, or any where.
Fer. That young Lannard,
Whom you have ſuch a mind to, if you can whiſtle her
To come to Fiſt, make tryal, play the young Falconer,
I will not mar your marriage, nor yet make
Beauty no wealth, wealth uglineſſe, which you will take.
Ro. I thank you ſir, put on your Mask good Madam,
The Sun will ſpoyle your Face elſe. *Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Fernando, Franciſco, Pedro, Roderigo, Clara, Maria, as from Church over the Stage, Fer. ſtayes Roderigo.

Fer. THou haſt now the Wife of thy deſires.
Ro. Sir, I have,
And in her every bleſſing that makes life
Loath to be parted with.
Fer. Noble ſhe is,
And fair, has to enrich her Blood and Beauty,
Plenty of Wit, Diſcourſe, Behaviour, Carriage.
Ro. I owe you duty for a double birth,
Being in this happineſſe begot again,
Without which I had been a man of wretchedneſſe.
Fer. Then henceforth, Boy, learn to obey thy fate,
'Tis faln upon thee, know it, and embrace it:
Thy Wife's a wanton.
Ro. A wanton!
Fer. Examine through the progreſſe of thy youth,
What capital ſins, what great one 'tis, for 'tis
A great one th'aſt committed.
Ro. I a great one!
Fer. Elſe Heaven is not ſo wrathfull to pour on thee
A miſery ſo full of bitterneſſe;
I am thy Father, think on't, and be juſt,
Come do not dally.
Ro. Pray my Lord.
Fer. Fool 'twere
Impoſſible that Juſtice ſhould rain down
In ſuch a frightfull horror without cauſe.
Sir, I will know it, rather bluſh thou didſt
An act thou darſt not name then that it has
A name to be known by.
Ro. Turn from me then,
And as my guilt ſighes out this monſter Rape,
Oh! do not lend an Ear.
Fer. Rape! fearfull.

Ro.

Ro. Hence, hence ſprings my due reward.
Fer. Th'art none of mine,
Or if thou beeſt, thou doſt bely the ſtamp
Of thy Nativity.
Ro. Forgive me.
Fer. Had ſhe
Poor wronged Soul (who e're ſhe was) no Friend,
Nor Father to revenge, had ſhe no Tongue
To rore her injuries?
Ro. Alas I know her not.
Fer. Peace thou wilt blaze a ſin beyond all preſident,
Young man thou ſhouldſt have married her, the Devil
Of luſt that riots in thy Eye, ſhould there
Have let full love and pity; not on this ſtranger
Whom thou haſt doted on.
Ro. Oh! had I married her,
I had been then the happieſt man alive.

Enter Clara, Maria, and Pedro: from behind the Arras.
Cla. As I the happieſt Woman being married,
Look on me ſir.
Ped. You ſhall not find a change
So full of fears as your moſt noble Father,
In his wife Tryal urg'd.
Ma. Indeed you ſhall not,
The forfeit of her ſhame ſhall be her pawn.
Ro. Why pray d'ee mock my ſorrows? now oh now
My horrors flew about me!
Fer. No thy comforts,
Thy bleſſings *Roderigo.*
Cla. By this Crucifix
You may remember me.
Ro. Ha! art thou that Lady wrong'd!
Cla. I was, but now am
Righted in noble ſatisfaction.
Ro. How can I turn mine Eyes, and not behold
On every ſide my ſhame!
Fer. No more hereafter,
We ſhall have time to talk at large of all,
Love her that's now thine own, do *Roderigo.*

Shee's

Shee's far from what I charactred.
Cla. My care ſhall live about me to deſerve your love.
Ro. Excellent *Clara* —— Fathers both, and Mother,
I will redeem my fault.
Fer. Ped. Mar. Our bleſſings dwell on ye.
Enter Lewys and Franciſco.
Lew. Married to *Roderigo*!
Fra. Judge your ſelf,
See where they are. *Exit:*
Lew. Is this your Husband Lady?
Cla. He is ſir, Heavens great hand that on Record,
Fore-points the equal Union of all hearts,
Long ſince decreed, what this day hath been perfected.
Lew. 'Tis well then, I am free it ſeems.
Cla. Make ſmooth
My Lord, thoſe clowds which on your brow deliver
Emblems of ſtorms; I will as far as honour
May priviledge, deſerve a noble friendſhip,
As you from me deſerve a worthy memory.
Lew. Your Husband has prov'd himſelf a friend,
Truſty and try'd, he's welcome I may ſay
From the Univerſity,
Ro. To a new School
Of happy knowledge *Lewys.*
Lew. Sir, I am not ſo poor to put this injury up,
The beſt blood flowes within you is the price.
Ro. Lew. for this time calm your anger,
And if I do not give you noble ſatisfaction,
Call me to what account you pleaſe.
Lew. So, ſo, I come for Juſtice t'ee,
And you ſhall grant it.
Fer. Shall and will.
Lew. with ſpeed too.
My poor friend bleeds the whiles.
Fer. You ſhall your ſelf
Before we part, receive the ſatisfaction
You come for, who attends
My Lord? *Within Servants.*
Fer. The Priſoner.
Ser. He attends your Lordſhips pleaſure.

Enter

Enter Pretioſa, Eugenia, and Alvarez.

Lew. What would this Girle? foh no tricks,
Get you to your Cabin Huſwife, we have no ear for Ballads.
Fer. Take her away.
Cla. A wondrous lively Creature.
Pre. Noble Gentlemen,
If a poor Maids, a Gipſie Virgins tears
May ſoften the hard edge of angry Juſtice;
Then grant me gracious hearing (as y'are mercifull)
I beg my Husbands Life.
Fer. Thy Husbands, little one!
Pre. Gentle ſir, our plighted troaths are Chronicl'd
In that white Book above, which notes the ſecrets
Of every thought and heart, he is my Husband,
I am his Wife.
Lew. Rather his Whore.
Pre. Now truſt me,
Y'are no good man to ſay ſo, I am honeſt,
Deed la I am, a poor ſoul that deſerves not
Such a bad word, were you a better man
Then you are, you do me wrong.
Lew. The Toy growes angry.
Cla. And it becomes her ſweetly, troath my Lord
I pitty her.
Ro. I thank you ſir.
Lew. Your Husband
You'l ſay is no Thief.
Pre. Upon my Conſcience he is not.
Lew. Dares not ſtrike a man.
Pre. Unworthily
He dares not, but if trod upon, a Worm
Will turn again.
Lew. That turning turns your Worm
Off from the Ladder, Minion.
Pre. Sir, I hope
You are not his Judge, you are too young, too chollerick,
Too paſſionate, the price of Life or Death
Requires a much more grave conſideration
Then your years warrant, they ſit (like gods)

Upon whoſe head the reverend badge of Time
Hath ſeal'd the proof of wiſdom; to theſe Oracles
Of riper Judgement, lower in my heart,
Then on my knees, I offer up my ſuit,
My lawfull ſuit, which begs they would be gentle
To their own fames, their own immortal ſtories,
Oh! do not think my Lords compaſſion thrown
On a baſe low eſtate, on humble people,
Leſſe meritorious, then if you had favor'd
The faults of great men, and indeed great men
Have oftentimes great faults; he whom I plead for
Is free, the ſoul of Innocence it ſelf
Is not more white, will you pitty him?
I ſee it is in your eyes, 'tis a ſweet Sun-beam,
Let it ſhine out; and to adorn your praiſe,
The Prayers of the poor ſhall crown your daies,
And theirs are ſomething hard.

Fer. Beſhrew the Girle,
She has almoſt melted me to tears.

Lew. Hence trifler —— call in my friends,
What hope of eaſe?

Enter Don John, Diego, and Cardochia.

Die. Good hope, but ſtill I ſmart,
The worſt is in my pain.

Lew. The price is high
Shall buy thy vengeance, to receive a wound
By a baſe Villains hand, it mads me.

Jo. Men ſubject to th' extremity of Law,
Should carry peace about 'em to their Graves,
Elſe were you nobler then the blood you boaſt of,
Could any way (my Lord) derive you know,
I would return ſharp anſwer to your ſlanders;
But it ſuffices I am none of ought
Your rage miſterms me.

Lew. None of 'em, no Raſcal?

Jo. No Raſcal.

Lew. Nor no Thief.

Jo. Ask her, that's my accuſer, could your Eyes

Pierce through the ſecrets of her foul deſires,
You might without a partial Judgement, look into
A Womans Luſt and Malice.
Car. My good Lords,
What I have Articled againſt this fellow,
I juſtifie for truth.
Jo. On then, no more,
This being true ſhe ſayes, I have deſerv'd
To die.
Fer. We ſit not here to bandy words,
But miniſter Law, and that condemns thee
For theft unto the Gallows.
Pre. Oh my miſery!
Are you ſo marble-breſted? are your boſomes
Hoop'd round with Steel, to caſt away a man?
More worthy Life and Honours then a thouſand
Of ſuch, as only pray unto the ſhadow
Of abus'd greatneſſe.
Jo. 'Tis in vain to ſtorm,
My Fate is here determin'd.
Pre. Loſt Creature,
Art thou grown dull too, is my Love ſo cheap,
That thou court'ſt thy deſtruction, 'cauſe I love thee?
My Lords, my Lords; ſpeak *Andrew*, prithee now,
Be not ſo cruel to thy ſelf and me,
One word of thine will doo't.
Fer. Away with him,
To morrow is his day of Execution.
Jo. Even when you will.
Pre. Stay man thou ſhalt not go,
Here are more women yet, ſweet Madam ſpeak:
You Lady, you methinks ſhould have ſome feeling
Of tenderneſſe, you may be touch'd as I am,
Troth were your cauſe, i'de weep with you, and joyn
In earneſt ſuit for one you held ſo dear.
Cla. My Lord, pray ſpeak in his behalf.
Ro. I would, but dare not,
'Tis a fault ſo clear and manifeſt.
Lew. Back with him to his Dungeon.

Jo. Heaven can tell,
Horrow not to die, but to leave her,
Who whiles I live is my Lifes comforter.
Car. Now ſhall I be reveng'd. *Exit.*
Pre. Oh me unhappy!
Fer. See the Girl falls,
Some one look to her!
Cla. 'Las poor Maid.
Eug. Pretioſa!
She does recover, mine honourable Lord.
Fer. In vain, what is't?
Eug. Be pleas'd to give me private audience;
I will diſcover ſomething ſhall advantage
The nobleſt of this Land.
Fer. Well I will hear thee,
Bring in the Girl. *Exit. Manet Lewys, Alvarez.*
Lew. Ought with me, what is't?
I care not for thy Company old Ruffian,
Raſcall, art impudent?
Al. To beg your ſervice.
Lew. Hang your ſelf.
Al. By your Fathers Soul ſir, hear me.
Lew. Diſpatch.
Al. Firſt, promiſe me you will get Repreeve
For the condemned Man, and by my Art,
I'le make you maſter of what your Heart on Earth
Can wiſh for, or deſire.
Lew. Thou ly'ſt thou canſt not.
Al. Try me.
Lew. Doe that, and then as I am noble,
I will not onely give thy friend his Life,
But royally reward thee, love thee ever.
Al. I take your word, what would you?
Lew. If thou mock'ſt mee,
'Twere better thou wert damn'd.
Al. Sir I am reſolute.
Lew. Reſolve me then, whether the Count *Alvarez*,
Who ſlew my Father, be alive or dead?
Al. Is this the mighty matter? the Count lives.

Lew.

Lew. How!
Al. The Count lives!
Lew. Oh fate! now tell me where?
And be my better genius.
Al. I can do't,
In *Spaine* a lives: more, not far from *Madrill*,
But in diſguiſe much alter'd.
Lew. Wonderfull Scholler,
Miracle of Artiſts, *Alvarez* living!
And near *Madrill* too! now for Heavens ſake where?
That's all, and I am thine.
Al. Walk off my Lord
To the next Field, you ſhall know all.
Lew. Apace then, I liſten to thee
With a greedy Ear, the Miſerable and the Fortunate *Ex. at one door.*
Are alike in this, they cannot change their Fate. *Enter preſently*
Al. Good, good, you would fain kill him and revenge *at the other.*
Your fathers death.
Lew. I would.
Al. Bravely, or ſecurely?
Lew. Not baſely for the World.
Al. VVe are ſecure. *Two Swords.*
Young *Lewys*, two more truſty blades then theſe,
Spain has not in her Army; with this
Alvarez ſlew thy Father, and this other,
VVas that the King of *France* wore, when great *Charles*
In a ſet Battail took him priſoner;
Both I reſigne to thee.
Lew. This is a new Myſterie.
Al. Now ſee this naked boſom, turn the points
Of either on this Bulwark, if thou cover'ſt
Out of a ſprightly youth, and manly thirſt
Of vengeance blood, if blood be thy ambition,
Then call to minde the fatal blow that ſtruck
De Caſtor thy brave father to his Grave;
Remember who it was that gave that blow,
His enemy *Alvarez*, hear, and be ſuddain,
Behold *Alvarez*!
Lew. Death, I am deluded.

Al. Thou art incredulous, as Fate is certain
I am the man.
Lew. Thou that Butcher!
Al. Tremble not young man, trust me I have wept
Religiously to wash off from my Conscience
The stain of my offence: twelve years and more,
Like to a restlesse Pilgrim I have runne
From forein Lands to Lands, to finde out Death.
I am weary of my life, give me a sword,
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old *De Castors* memory;
I'le fight with thee, I would not have thy hand
Dip'd in a wilfull Murder, I could wish
For one howers space I could pluck back from Time,
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou mightst deserve report: now if thou Conquerst
Thou canst not triumph, I am half dead already,
Yet I'le not start a foot.
Lew. Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of rage?
Al. Oh! that I had
A Sonne of equal growth with thee, to tugg
For Reputation: by thy Fathers ashes,
I would not kill thee for an other *Spain*,
Yet now I'le do my best, thou art amaz'd,
Come on.
Lew. Twelve tedious Winters banishment!
'Twas a long time.
Al. Could they redeem thy Father?
Would every Age had been twelve Ages *Lewys*,
And I for Penance every Age a dying,
But 'tis too late to wish.
Lew. I am o'recome,
Your nobleness hath conquered me, here ends
All strife between our Families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours.
Al. Oh! thou reviv'st
Fresh horrors to my Fact, for in thy gentleness
I see my sinne anew.

Lew.

Lew. Our peace is made,
Your Life shall be my care, 'twill be glad news
To all our noble friends.
Al. Since Heaven will have it so,
I thank thee glorious Majesty; my Son
For I will call thee, e're the next morrow:
Salute the World, thou shalt know stranger mysteries.
Lew. I have enough to feed on, sir i'le follow ye. *Exit.*

Enter Eugenia, Fernando, and Pretiosa.

Fer. Don John Son to the Count of *Carcomo*,
Woman take heed thou trifle not.
Eu. Is this
My Lord so strange?
Fer. Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see transforms the best
Into what shape Love fancies.
Pre. Will you yet
Give me my Husbands life?
Fer. Why little one he is not married to thee.
Pre. In his Faith
He is; and faith and troth I hope bind faster,
Then any other Ceremonies can,
Do they not pray my Lord?
Fer. Yes, where the parties
Pledg'd, are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art.
Pre. This is new Divinity.
Eu. My Lord, behold this Child well: in her Face,
You may observe by curious insight, something
More then belongs to every common birth.
Fer. True, 'tis a pretty Child.
Eu. The Glasse of misery
Is after many a change of desperate fortune,
At length run out, you had a Daughter
Call'd *Constanza*.
Fer. Ha!
Eu. A Sister *Guyamara*,
Wife to the Count *Alvarez*.

Fer.

Fer. Peace, oh peace!
Eu. And to that Siſters charge you did commit
Your Infant Daughter, in whoſe birth your Wife
Her Mother dy'd.
Fer. Woman thou art too cruell.
Pre. What d'ee mean Granam? 'laſs the Noble man
Growes angry.
Fer. Not I, indeed I do not,
But why d'ee uſe me thus?
Eu. Your Child and Siſter,
As you ſuppos'd were drown'd.
Fer. Drown'd, talking Creature!
Suppos'd!
Eu. They live *Fernando* from my hand,
Thy Siſters hand receive thine own *Conſtanza*,
The ſweeteſt beſt Child living.
Pre. Do you mock me?
Fer. Torment me on, yet more, more yet and ſpare not,
My heart is now a breaking, now!
Eu. Oh Brother!
Am I ſo far removed off from your Memory,
As that you will not know me? I expected
An other welcome home, look on this Casket, *A Casket.*
The Legacy your Lady left her Daughter,
When to her Son ſhe gave her Crucifix.
Fer. Right, right, I know ye now.
Eu. In all my ſorrows,
My comfort has been here; ſhe ſhould be,
Be yours, *Conſtanza*, kneel ſweet Child
To thy old Father.
Pre. How my Father?
Fer. Let not
Extremity of joyes raviſh Life from me
Too ſoon Heaven I beſeech thee; thou art my Siſter,
My Siſter *Guyamara*; how have mine Eyes
Been darkened all this while: —— 'tis ſhe!
Eu. 'Tis Brother,
And this *Conſtanza*, now no more a ſtranger,
No *Pretioſa* henceforth.

Fer.

Fer. My ſoules treaſure,
Live to an Age of goodneſſe, and ſo thrive
In all thy wayes, that thou mayſt die to live.
Pre. But muſt I call you Father?
Fer. Thou wilt rob me elſe
Of that felicity; for whoſe ſake only
I am ambitious of being young again;
Riſe, riſe, mine own *Conſtanza.*
Pre. 'Tis a new name,
But 'tis a pretty one, I may be bold
To make a ſute t'ee.
Fer. Any thing.
Pre. Oh Father!
And if you be my Father think upon
Don John my Husband, without him alas
I can be nothing.
Fer. As I without thee,
Let me alone *Conſtanza*, tell me, tell me,
Lives yet *Alvarez?*
Eu. In your houſe.
Fer. Enough.
Cloy me not, let me by degrees, diſgeſt
My joyes — within, my Lords *Franciſco, Pedro.*

Enter Franciſco, Pedro, Maria, Roderigo, Clara.

Come all at once, I have a World within mee,
I am not mortal ſure, I am not mortal,
My honorable Lord, partake my bleſſings.
Count *Alvarez* lives here in my houſe;
Your Sonne my Lord, *Franciſco, Don John*
Is the condemn'd man falſely accus'd of theft,
This my Lord *Pedro*, is my Sifter *Guyamare*,
Madam, this *Conſtanza* mine own Child,
And I am a wondrous merry Man,
Without the Priſoner.

Enter Alvarez, Lawys, Don John, Diego, Sancho, Soto, and Cardochia.

Law. Here free and acquitted,

By her whoſe folly drew her to this errour,
And ſhe for ſatisfaction is aſſur'd
To my wrong'd friend.
Car. I crave your pardons,
He whoſe I am, ſpeaks for me.
Die. We both beg it.
Fer. Excellent, Admirable, my dear Brother.
Al. Never a happy man till now, young *Lewys*
And I are reconcil'd.
Lew. For ever faithfully, religiouſly.
Omnes. My Noble Lord moſt welcome.
Al. To all my heart payes what it owes, due thanks
Moſt, moſt brave youth to thee.
Jo. I all this while,
Stand but a looker on, and tho my Father
May juſtly tax the violence of my Paſſions,
Yet if this Lady, Lady of my life
Muſt be deny'd, let me be as I was,
And dye betimes.
Pre. You promis'd me.
Fer. I did,
My Lord of *Carcomo*, you ſee their hearts
Are joyn'd already, ſo let our conſents
To this wiſh'd Marriage
Fra. I forgive thine errors,
Give me thy hand.
Fer. Me thine! but wilt thou love
My Daughter, my *Conſtanza?*
Jo. As my bliſſe.
Pre. I thee as Life, Youth, Beauty, any thing
That makes life comfortable.
Fer. Live together one, ever one.
Omnes. And Heaven Crown your happineſſe.
Ped. Now ſir, how like you a Priſon?
San. As Gallants doe a Tavern, being ſtop'd for a Reckoning ſcurvily.
Soto. Though you Cag'd us up never ſo cloſe, we Sung like Cuckoes.
Fer. Well, well, you be your ſelf now.

San.

San. My ſelf, am I out of my Wits *Soto?*

Fer. Here now are none but honourable friends,
Will you to give a farewell to the life
You ha led as Gipſies, theſe being now found none,
But noble in their Births, alter'd in Fortunes,
Give it a merry ſhaking by the hand,
And cry adue to folly?

San. Wee'l ſhake our Hands, and our Heels if you'l give us leave. *Dance.*

Fer. On Brides, and Bride-Grooms to your Spaniſh Feaſts,
Invite with bent Knees all theſe Noble Gueſts.

FINIS.

O Read. Sept. 17th 1808.

IF any Gentlemen please to repair to my Shop at the *Jo. Fletchers* Head on the back-side of St. *Clements*, they may be furnished with all the Playes that were ever yet Printed.